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A SPLENDID HAZARD

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XII.

M. Ferraud Introduces Himself.

"Yessir, Mr. Donovan," said Captain Flanagan, his peg-leg crossed and one hand abstractedly polishing the brass ferrule; "Yessir, the question is, what did y' hear?"

Mr. Donovan caressed his beer glass and reflected. The two were seated in the office of Swan's hotel. "Well, I took them bricks out an' it seems that loony ol' Frenchman our grandmas use to blow about had hid a box in th' chimbley."

"A box in the chimbley. An' what was in the box?"

Mr. Donovan considered again. "I'll tell you the truth, Cap'n. It wus a lot of rigermarole about a treasure. I wanted t' laugh. Your commodore's a hoodoo on pirates an' treasures, an' he ain't found either yet."

"No jokin'; keep a clear course."

"No harm. Th' admiral's all right, and don't you forget it. As I wus sayin', they find this 'ere box. The documents wus in French, but th' daughter read 'em off sumpin wonderful. You've heard of Napoleon?"

"Yes, I recollect the name," replied the captain, with quiet ridicule.

"Well, this business pertained t' him. Seems some o' his friends got money t'gether t' rescue him from island or other."

"St. Helena."

"That wus it. They left the cash in a box in Corsiker, 'nother island; I-talyan, I take it. But I'll bet a dollar you never find anythin' there."

"That is as may be." The captain liberated a full sigh and dug a hand into a trousers pocket. He looked cautiously about. The two of them were without witnesses. The landlord was always willing to serve beer to those in quest of it; but immediately on providing it, he resumed his interrupted perusal of the sporting column. At this moment his soul was flying around the track at Bennington. When the captain pulled out his hand it seemed full of bright autumn leaves. Donovan's glass was suspended midway between the table and his lips. Slowly the glass retraced the half-circle and resumed its perpendicular position upon the oak.

"Beauties; huh?" said the captain. "Twenty-dollar bills!"

"Yessir; every one of 'em as good as gold; payable to bearer on demand says your Uncle Sam."

"An' why are you makin' me envious this way?" said Donovan crossly.

"Donovan, you and me's been friends off an' on these ten years, ever since th' commodore bought th' Laura. Well, says he t' me 'Capt'n, we forgot that Mr. Donovan was in th' room at th' time o' th' discovery. Will you be so kind as to impress him with the fact that this expedition is on the Q. T.? Not that I think he will say anythin', but you might add these few bits o' paper to his promise not t' speak.' Says I, 'I'll trust Mr. Donovan.' An' I do. You never broke no promise yet."

"It pays in the long run," replied Mr. Donovan, vainly endeavoring to count the bills.

"Well, this 'ere little fortune is yours if you promise to abide by th' conditions."

"That I keeps my mouth shut."

"An' not open it even to th' Mrs."

Mr. Donovan permitted a doubt to wrinkle his brow. "That'll be a tough proposition."

"Put th' money in th' bank and say nothin' till you hear from me," advised the captain.

"That's a go."

"Then I give you these five nice ones with th' regards o' th' commodore." The captain stripped each bill and slowly laid it down on the table for the fear that by some curious circumstance there might be six.

"One hundred? Capt'n, I'm a—" Mr. Donovan emptied his glass with a few swift gulps and banged the table. "Two more."

The landlord lowered his paper wearily (would they never let him alone?) and stepped behind the bar. At the same time Mr. Donovan folded the bills and stowed them away.

"Not even t' th' Mrs.," he swore. "Here's luck, Capt'n."

"Same to you; an' don't get drunk this side o' Jersey City."

And with this admonition the captain drank his beer and thumped off for the waterfront, satisfied that the village would hear nothing from Mr. Donovan. Nevertheless, it was shameful to let a hundred go that easy; twenty would have served. He was about to hail the skiff when he was accosted by the quiet little man he had recently observed sitting alone in the corner of Swan's office.

"Pardon, but you are Captain Flanagan of the yacht Laura?"

"Yessir," patiently. "But the owner never lets anybody aboard he don't know, sir."

"I do not desire to come abroad, my captain. What I wish to know is if his excellency the admiral is at home."

"His excellency" rather confounded the captain for a moment; but he came about without "takin' more'n a bucketful," as he afterward expressed it to Halloran the engineer. "I knew right then he wus a furriner; I know 'em. They ain't no excellencies in th' navy. But I tells him that the commodore was snug in his berth up yonder, and with that he looks to me like I wus a lady. I've seen him in Swan's at night readin'; allus chasin' butterflies when he sees 'em in the street." And the captain rounded out this period by touching his forehead as a subtle hint that in his opinion the foreigners carried no ballast.

In the intervening time the subject of this light suggestion was climbing the hill with that tireless, resiliant step of one born to mountains. No task appeared visibly to weary this man. Small as he was, his bones were as strong and his muscles as stringy as a wolf's. If the butterfly was worth while he would follow till it fell to his net or daylight withdrew its support. Never he lost patience, never his smile faltered, never his mild spectacled eyes wavered. He was a savant by nature; he was a secret agent by choice. Who knows anything about rare butterflies appreciates the peril of the pursuit; one never picks the going and often stumbles. He was a hunter of butterflies by nature; but he possessed a something more than a mere smattering of other odd crafts. He was familiar with precious gems, marbles he knew and cameos; he could point out the weakness in a drawing, the false effort in a symphony; he was something of mutual interest to every man and woman he met.

So it fell out very well that Admiral Killigrew was fond of butterflies. Still, he should have been equally glad to know that the sailor's hobby inclined toward the exploits of pirates. M. Ferraud was a modest man. That his exquisite brochure on lepidopterous insects was in nearly all the public libraries of the world only gratified, but added nothing to his vanity.

As it oftentimes happens to a man whose mind is occupied with other things, the admiral, who received M. Ferraud in the library, saw nothing in the name to kindle his recollection. He bade the savant to be seated while he read the letter of introduction which had been written by the secretary of the navy:

"My Dear Killigraw—This will introduce to you Monsieur Ferraud, of the butterfly fame. He has learned of the success of your efforts in the West Indies and is eager to see your collection. Do what you can for him. I know you will, for you certainly must have his book. I myself do not know a butterfly from a June-bug, but it will be a pleasure to bring you two together."

Breitmann arranged his papers neatly and waited to be dismissed. He had seen M. Ferraud at Swan's, but had formed no opinion regarding him; in fact, the growth of his interest had stopped at indifference. On his part, the new arrival never so much as gave the secretary a second glance—the first was sufficient. And while the admiral read on, M. Ferraud examined the broken skin on his palms.

"Mr. Ferraud! Well, well, this is a great honor, I'm sure. It was very kind of them to send you here. Where is your luggage?"

"I am stopping at Swan's hotel."

"We shall have your things up this very night."

"Oh!" said Ferraud in protest; though this was the very tihng he desired.

"Not a word!" The admiral summoned the butler, who was the general factotem at The Pines, and gave a dozen orders.

"Ah, you Americans!" laughed M. Ferraud, pyramiding his fingers. "You leave us breathless."

"Your book has delighted me. But I'm afraid my collection will not pay you for your trouble."

"That is for me to decide. My South American specimens are all seconds. On the other hand, you have netted yours yourself."

And straightway a bond of friendship was riveted between these two men which still remains bright and untarnished by either absence or forgetfulness. They bent over the cases, agreed and disagreed, the one with sharp gestures, the other with the rise and fall of the voice. For them nothing else existed; they were truly engrossed.

Breitmann, hiding a smile that was partly a yawn, stole quietly away. Butterflies did not concern him in the least.

M. Ferraud was charmed. He was voluble. Never had he entered a more homelike place, large enough to be called a chateau, yet as cheerful as a writer's fire. And the daughter! Her French was the elegant speech of Tours, her German Hanoverian. Incomparable! And she was not married? Helas! How many luckless fellows walked the world desolate? And this was M. Fitzgerald the journalist? And M. Breitmann had also been one? How delighted he was to be here! All this flowed on with perfect naturalness; there wasn't a false note anywhere. At dinner he diffused a warmth and geniality which were infectious. Laura was pleased and amused; and she adored her father for these impulses which brought to the board, unexpectedly, such men as M. Ferraud.

M. Ferraud did not smoke, but he dissipated to the extent of drinking three small cups of coffee after dinner.

"You are right," he acknowledged—there had been a slight dispute relative to the methods of roasting the berry—"Europe does not roast its coffee, it burns it. The aroma, the bouquet! I am beaten."

"So am I," Fitzgerald reflected sadly, snatching a vision of the girl's animated face.

Three days he had ridden to the country with her, or played tennis, or driven down to the village and inspected the yacht. He had been lonely so long and this beautiful girl was such a good comrade. One moment he blessed the prospective treasure hunt, another he execrated it. To be with this girl was to love her; and whither this pleasurable idleness would lead him he was neither blind nor self-deceiving. But with the semi-humorous recklessness which was the leaven of his success, he thrust prudence behind him and stuck to the primrose path. He had played with fire before, but never had the coals burned so brightly. He did not say that she was above him, mentally and by birth they were equals; simply, he was compelled to admit of the truth that she was beyond him. Money. That was the obstacle. For what man will live on his wife's bounty? Suppose they found the treasure (and with his old journalistic suspicion he was still skeptical), and divided it; why, the interest on his share would not pay for her dresses. To the ordinary male eye her gowns looked inexpensive, but to him who had picked up odd bits of information not usually in the pathway of man, to him there was no secret about it. That bodice and those sleeves of old Venetian point would have eaten up the gains of any three of his most prosperous months.

And Breitmann, dropping occasionally the ash of his cigarette on the tray, he, too, was pondering. But his German strain did not make it so easy for him as for Fitzgerald to give concrete form to his thought. The star as he saw it, had a nebulous appearance.

M. Ferraud chatted gally. Usually a man who holds his audience is of single purpose. The little Frenchman had two aims: one, to keep the conversation on subjects of his own selection, and the other to study without being observed. Among one of his own tales (butterflies) he told of a chase he once had made in the mountains of the Moors, in Abyssinia. To illustrate it he took up one of the nets standing in the corner. In his excitable way he was a very good actor. And when he swooped down the net to demonstrate the end of the story, it caught on a button on Breitmann's coat.

"Pardon!" said M. Ferraud, with a blithe laugh. "The butterfly I was describing was not so big.'

Breitmann freed himself amid general laughter. And with Laura's rising the little after-dinner party became disorganized.

It was yet early; but perhaps she had some thought she wished to be alone with. This consideration was the veriest bud in growth; still, it was such that she desired the seclusion of her room. She swung across her shoulders the sleepy Angora and wished the men good night.

* * * * * * *

The wire bell in the hall clock vibrated twice; two o'clock of the morning. A streak of moonshine fell aslant the floor and broke off abruptly. Before the safe in the library stood Breitmann, a small tape in his hand. For several minutes he contemplated somberly the nickel combination wheel. He could open it for he knew the combination. To open it would be the work of a moment. Why, then, did he hesitate Why not pluck it forth and disappear on the morrow? The admiral had not made a copy, and without the key he might dig up Corsica till the crack of doom. The flame on the taper crept down. The man gave a quick movement to his shoulders; it was the shrug, not of impatience but of resignation. He saw the lock through the haze of a conjured face. He shut his eyes, but the vision remained. Slowly he drew his fingers over the flame.

Yet, before the flame died wholly it touched two points of light in the doorway, the round crystals of a pair of spectacles.

"Two souls with but a single thought!" the secret agent murmured. "Poor devil! why does he hesitate? Why does he not take it and be gone? Is he still honest? Peste! I must be growing old. I shall not ruin him, I shall save him. It is not good politics, but it is good Christianity. Schlafen Sie wohl, Hochkohl geboren!"

CHAPTER XIII.

The Woman Who Knew.

"Don't you sometimes grow weary for an abiding place?" Laura pulled off her gauntlets and laid her hot hands on the cool lichen-grown stones of the field-wall. The bridle-rein hung over her arm. Fitzgerald had drawn his through a stirrup. "Think of wandering here and there, with never a place to come back to."

"I have thought of it often in the few days I have been here. I have a home in New York, but I could not possibly afford to live in it; so I rent it; and when I want to go fishing there's enough under hand to pay the expenses. My poor old dad! He was always indorsing notes for his friends, or carrying stock for them; and nothing ever came back. I am afraid the disillusions broke his heart. And then, perhaps I was a bitter disappointment. I was expelled from college in my junior year. I had no head for figures other than that kind which inhabit the Louvre and the Vatican."

Her face became momentarily mirthful.

"So I couldn't take hold of the firm for him," he continued. "And I suppose the last straw was when I tried my hand at reporting on one of the newspapers. He knew that the gathering of riches, so far as I was concerned, was a closed door. But I found my level; the business was and is the only one that ever interested, me or fused my energy with real work."

"But it is real work. You are one of those men who have done something. Most men these days rest on their fathers' laurels."

"It's the line of the least resistance. I never knew that the Jersey coast was so picturesque. What a sweep! Do you know, your house on that pine-grown crest reminds me of the Villa Serbelloni, only yonder is the sea instead of Como?"

"Como." Her eyes became dreamily half-shut. Recollection put on its seven-league boots and annihilated the space between the wall under her elbows and the gardens of Serbelloni. Fitzgerald half understood the thought. "Isn't Mr. Breitmann just a bit of a mystery to you?" she asked. The seven-league boots had returned at a bound.

"In some ways, yes." He rather resented the abrupt angle; it was not in poetic touch with the time being.

"He is inclined to be too much reserved. But last night Mr. Ferraud succeeded in tearing down some of it. If I could put in a book what all you men have seen and taken part in! Mr. Breitmann would be almost handsome but for those scars."

He kicked the turf at the foot of the wall. "In Germany they are considered beauty-spots."

"I am not in sympathy with that custom."

"Still, it requires courage of a kind."

"The noblest wounds are those that are carried unseen. Student scars are merely patches of vanity."

"He has others besides those. He was nearly killed in the Soudan." Fitzgerald was compelled to offer some defense for the absent. That Breitmann had lied to him, that his appearance here had been in the regular order of things, did not take away the fact that the Bavarian was a man and brave one. Closely as he had watched, up to the present he had learned absolutely nothing; and to have shown Breitmann the telegram would have accomplished nothing further than to have put him wholly on guard.

"Have you no scars?" mischief in her eyes.

"Not yet;" and the force of his gaze turned hers aside. "Yet I must not forget my conscience; 'tis pretty well battered up."

She greeted this with laughter. She had heard men talk like this before. "You have probably never done a mean or petty thing in all your life."

"Mean and petty things never disturb a man's conscience. It's the big things that scar."

"That's a platitude."

"Then my end of the conversation is becoming flat."

"Confess that you are eager to return to the great highways once more."

"I shall confess nothing of the sort. I should like to stay here for a hundred years."

"You would miss us all very much then," merrily. "And Napoleon's treasure would have gone in and out of innumerable pockets!"

"Do you really and truly believe that we shall bring home a single franc of it?" facing her with incredulous eyes.

"Really and truly. And why not? Treasures have been found before. Fie on you for a Doubting Thomas!"

"We sometimes go many miles to find, in the end, that the treasure was all the time under our very eyes."

"Hyperbole!" But she looked down at the lichen again and began pealing it on the stone. She thought of a duke she knew. At this instant he would have been telling her that she was the most beautiful woman since Helen. What a relief this man at her side was! She was perfectly aware that he admired here, but he veiled his tributes with half-smiles and flashes of humor. "What a gay little man that Mr. Ferraud is!"

"Lively as a cricket. Your father, I understand, is to take him as far as Marseilles. After tonight everything will be quite formal, I suppose. Honesty, I feel ill at ease in accepting your splendid hospitality. I'm an interloper. I haven't even the claim of an ordinary introduction. It has been very, very kind of you."

"You know Mrs. Coldfield. I will, if you wish it, ask her to present you to me."

"I am really serious."

"So am I."

"They will be here tomorrow?"

"Yes. And in four days we sail. Oh, it is all so beautiful! A real treasure hunt."

"It does not seem possible that I have been here a week. It has been a long time since I enjoyed myself so thoroughly. Have you ever wondered what has become of the other man?"

"The other man?"

"Yes; the other one in or outside the chimney. I've been thinking about him this long while. Hasn't it occurred to you that he may have other devices?"

"If he has he will find that he has waited too long. But I would like to know how he found out. You see," triumphantly, "he believed that there is one." She shook the rein, for the sleek mare was nozzling her shoulder and pawning slightly. "Let us be off."

She put her small booted foot on his palm and vaulted into the saddle, and he swung on to his mount. He stuffed his cap into a pocket, for he was no fair-weather horseman, but loved the tingle of the wind rushing through his hair; and the two cantered down the clear sandy road.

"En avant!" she cried joyously, with a light stroke of her whip.

For half a mile they ran and drew in at the fork in the road. Exhilaration was in the eyes of both of them.

"There's nothing equal to it. You feel alive. And off there," with a wave of the whip toward the sea, "off there lies our fortunes. O happy day! to take part in a really truly adventure, without the assistance of a romancer!"

"I think you are one of the most charming women I have ever met," he replied.

"Some women would object to the modification, but I rather like it."

"I withdraw the modification." The smile on his lips was not reflected in his eyes.

The antithesis of the one expression to the other did not annoy her; rather she was senstive to a tender exultance the recurrence of which, later in the day, subdued her: for Breitmann at tea turned a few phrases of a similar character. Fitzgerald was lighthearted and boyish, Breitmann was grave and dignified; but in the eyes of each there was a force she had encountered so seldom as to forget its being. Breitmann, in his capacity of secretary, was not so often in her company as Fitzgerald; nevertheless she was subtly attracted toward him. When he was of the mind he could invent a happy compliment with a felicity no less facile than Fitzgerald. And the puzzling thing of it all was, both men she knew from their histories had never been ornaments at garden-parties where compliments are current coin. She liked Fitzgerald, but she admired Brietmann, a differentiation which she had no inclination to resolve into first principles. That Breitmann was a secretary for hire drew no barrier in her mind. She had known many gentlemen of fine families who had served in like situations. There were no social distinctions. On the other hand, she never felt wholly comfortable with Breitmann. There was not the least mistrust in this feeling. It was rather because she instinctively felt that he was above his occupation. To sum it up briefly, Breitmann was difficult to understand and Fitzgerald wasn't.

Fitzgerald had an idea; boldly put, it was a grave suspicion. Not once had he forgotten the man in the chimney. Once the finger had pointed at Breitmann or some one with whom he was in understanding. This had proved to be groundless. But he kept turning over the incident and inspecting it from all sides. There were others a-treasure hunting; persons unknown, and a man might easily become desperate in the pursuit of two-million francs, almost half a million of American money, more, for some of these coins would be rare. He had thoroughly searched the ground outside the cellar window, but the sea gravel held its secret with a tenacity as baffling as the mother-sea herself. There was a new under-groom, or rather there had been. He had left, and where he had gone no one knew. Fitzgerald dismissed the thought of him; at the most he could have been but an accomplice, one to unlock the cellar window.

While Breitmann lingered near Laura, offering what signs of admiration he dared, and while the admiral chatted to his country neighbors who were gather round the tea-table, Fitzgerald and M. Ferraud were braced against the terrace wall, a few yards further on, and exchanged views on various peoples.

"America is a wonderful country," said M. Ferraud, when they had exhausted half a dozen topics. He spread out his hands, Frenchman-wise.

"So it is." Fitzgerald threw away his cigarette.

"And how foolish England was over a pound of tea."

"Something like that."

"But see what she lost!" with a second gesture.

"In one way it would not have mattered. She would patronize us as she still does."

"Dou you not resent it, this patronizing attitude?"

"Oh, no—we are very proud to be patronized by England," cynically. "It's a fine thing to have a lord tell you that you wear your clothes jolly well."

"I wonder if you are serious or jesting."

"I am very serious at this moment," said Fitzgerald quietly catching the other by the wrist and turning the palm.

M. Ferraud looked into his face with an astonishment on his own, most genuine. But he did not struggle. "Why do you do that?"

"I am curious, Mr. Ferraud, when I see a hand like this. Would you mind letting me see the other?"

"Not the least." M. Ferraud offered the other.

Fitzgerald let go. "What was your object?"

"Mon dieu! what object?"

Fitzgerald lowered his voice. "What was your object in digging holes in yonder chimney? Did you know what was there? And what do you propose to do now?"

M. Ferraud coolly took off his spectacles and polished the lenses. It needed but a moment to adjust them. "What are you talking about?"

"You are really M. Ferraud?" said the young man coldly.

The Frenchman produced a wallet and took out a letter. It was written by the president of France, introducing M. Ferraud to the ambassador at Washington. Next, there was a passport, and far more important than either of these was the Legion of Honor. "Yes, I am Anatole Ferraud."

"That is all I desire to know."

"Shall we return to the ladies?" asked M. Ferraud, restoring his treasures.

"Since there is nothing more to be said at present. It seems strange to me that foreign politics should find its way here."

"Politics? I am only a butterfly hunter."

"There are varieties. But you are the man. I shall find out!"

"Possibly," returned M. Ferraud thinking hard.

"I give you fair warning that if

Continued on Page 3, Second Column

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS DURING MONTH OF MAY

Two Faint Comets Again Due—Venus and Jupiter Now in the Evening Sky, With Vega Well Up in the Northwest.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

THE two brightest planets of all are now shining out in the evening sky. For a long time we have seen the beautiful Saturn slowly leaving us, until by the close of last month it had drawn so near the sun that it could be observed no longer. Meanwhile, those who take an interest in studying the face of the heavens have been watching the slow appearance of the brilliant Venus, as it steadily climbed higher and higher up from the bright rays of the sun in the west, and they have seen, too, how, the most interesting planet, Jupiter, has been slowly entering the evening sky in the east, but for many weeks there has not been a single planet shining, conspicuously among the stars of the early evening. This month, for the first time, we can say that these two most interesting planets have fairly entered the evening sky.

No one can have failed to notice how our Sister World has become our most brilliant evening star. Almost as soon as the sun has set, and while the whole western sky is still flooded with light, we can detect it shining brightly in the west, and when the twilight glow disappears and the many stars come out we can easily see that it is now by far the brightest object in the whole heavens. It will remain with us all through the summer. Every evening it may be seen to have drawn still farther away from the sun, until on July 7 it will have attained its greatest distance. For more than a month after this date it will continue to increase in brightness, and by August 10 it will be nearly three times as bright as at present. It may then be seen in full daylight.

The May Stars.

Although there are no stars now in the sky which compare with our two evening planets in brightness, yet there are many of these most interesting suns which have climbed up higher in the heavens since last month, and which will well repay our study. The two bright stars of the Balances, which are seen, in the southeast, are both most interesting, for the first of these (at A, Figue 1), may easily be seen to be double with a pair of opera glasses, and the second (at B) is not only a doulbe, but it is a star of a distinctly green color. This is the only green star of the heavens that is bright enough to be seen with the naked eye. These two stars formerly marked the

Figure 2.—The planet Jupiter, as seen in a large telescope.

Claws of the Scorpion, that most striking midsummer group which we now see just emerging from the ground.

Above the Balances, the magnificent golden Arctarus, a sun probably at least a thousand times brighter than our own sun, has nearly reached the meridian, while to the right is the delicate, bluish Spica, or Ear of Wheat, held in the left hand of Virgin. This was called by the Arabs the Defenseless One, because no other bright star is near it. It is a double star and moves around a path 6,000,000 of miles across about a fainter sun in the wonderfully short time of only four days. It, therefore, rushes along in its course faster than 56 miles a second.

The brilliant blue autumn star, Vega, is now well up in the northeast, the yellow Capella is at almost exactly the same height in the northwest, and the beautiful bluish-white Regulus, the last of the spring stars, has begun its downward journey, just west of the meridian. The bright winter groups of Taurus and Orion have disappeared, and only Gemini and the Lesser Dog Star remain with us, of all the long train of bright, southern, winter constellations.

Star Clusters.

The observer should not fail to examine the beautiful Bee Hive, or Praesepe (at C, Figure 1), which is a little faint cloud composed of 363 stars. And we now have again an opportunity to study

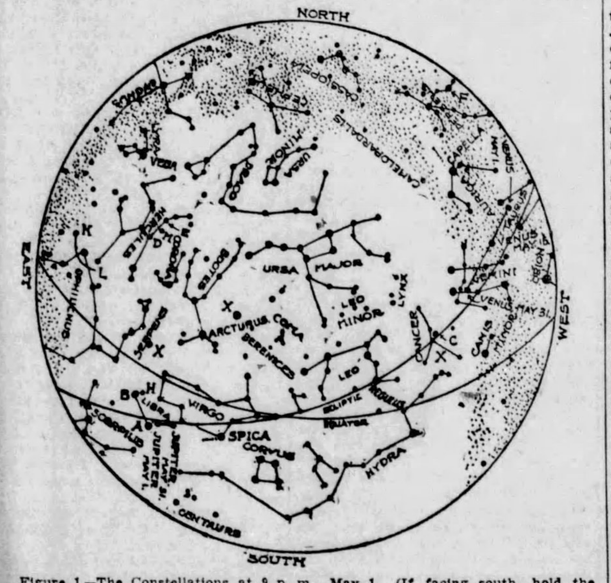

Figure 1.—The Constellations at 9 p. m., May 1. (If facing south, hold the map upright. If facing east hold "east" below. If facing west hold "west" below. If facing north hold the map inverted.

the wonderful cluster in Hercules, the most magnificent cluster of stars ever visible to observers in northern latitudes. This may be seen with the naked eye as a faint little patch of light between the stars E and D, Figure 1, and about one-third of the way from E. Here, it is usually said, there are no less than 9,000 stars packed so closely together that the central part of the wonderful cluster is nothing but a uniform blaze of light. But on the remarkable photographs recently taken with the 60-inch mirror of the Mount Wilson observatory, there have been counted, not 9,000, but 60,000 stars.

Readers who have access to a telescope so large as three inches aperture will find other most interesting clusters at each of the points marked X, in Figure 1. The one of these lying in the group Serpens is remarkable because almost 60 of its stars are continually varying in brightness, while of the stars in the cluster above Arctarus, no less than one-tenth of the whole number are variable. Among the scattered stars of the sky there is hardly one in one hundred, at most, which varies in brightness. What it is that is indicated by this remarkable variability of clustered stars we do not know.

Variable Stars.

Readers who wish to observe the darkening, or eclipse, of the interesting Demon Star, Algol, will have but one opportunity during this month. The dark companion, which passes between us and the bright star every 2 days 21 hours, will cut off five-sixths of the light on May 13 at 7 p. m. If the star is observed at this time it will be found very faint, but as it requires three hours to regain its full brightness, it will have set before the eclipse is entirely over. The star will be found at F, Figure 1.

Another most interesting variable star of this same kind is the star at H, Fgure 1, a very short distance to the right of the green star at B. This is usually of the fifth magniture, and is just visible to the naked eye, but every 2 days 8 hours a dark companion passes in front of it, in such a way as to cut off half of its light. It will be faintest on May 6 at 7 p. m., May 9 at 3 a. m., and May 23 at 2 a. m. This star is best observed with a small telescope or field glass.

It may be of interest to state that the wonderful variable Mira, which became so very bright last August, is now almost as faint as it ever gets. It is of the 9.4 magniture, and is still growing fainter. Soon, however, it will again begin to brighten, and toward the end of June will be visible to the naked eye.

The Planets.

Venus will move from Taurus almost entirely across Gemini during this month. It is a most brilliant and beautiful object in the telescope, appearing in shape like the moon, when a little more than half full. On May 29 at 10 p. m. it passes the planet Neptune in its eastward course, and at this time the fainter, greenish world may be found by first pointing the telescope at the brighter planet and then declining it exactly three degrees farther south. The narrow crescent moon passes south of Venus on May 30; the

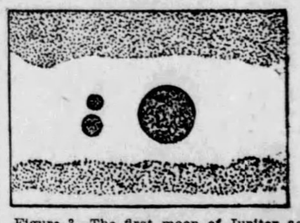

Figure 3.—The first moon of Jupiter as it appeared when seen in transit in front of a bright band on September 8, 1890. The moon at this time causes a double shadow, as shown on the left.

two objects will form at this time a striking figure in the western sky.

But the object of most obsorbing interest is undoubtedly the great planet Jupiter, which, with its beautifully colored bands and four bright moons, forms a wonderfully interesting object of study, even in a small telescope. The observer sees the round ball of the planet turning so rapidly about its axis that markings are continually disappearing around one edge, and new ones are continually carried into view around the other. For although this great world is 87,000 miles in diameter, it turns completely around in less than 10 hours.

On May 7 the inner moon will begin to pass in front of Jupiter at 8 hours 24 minutes p. m. (eastern standard time); its shadow will first fall on the disc at 8 hours 33 minutes; the moon will pass off the ball at 10 hours 35 minutes, and the shadow at 10 hours 45 minutes. Exactly the same phenomena may be seen May 5, but each will occur 5 hours 34 minutes later than on the evening of May 7.

On May 6 at about 8 hours 30 minutes, the observer will see but three moons near the planet. At 8 hours 46 minutes the last moon will suddenly appear from an eclipse. At 9 hours 28 minutes the second moon will begin to transit, its shadow following it 15 minutes later. At 11 hours 12 minutes the first moon will disappear behind the planet so that at this time only two moons will be easily visible. At 12 midnight the second moon will pass off the disc, and at 1 hour 30 minutes a. m. the first moon will reappear, and all four moons can again be seen. On May 13, 20, 29 and 31 a similarly large number of interesting events may be seen.

Faint Comets.

A faint comet which was discovered by Wolf in 1898, and which was found to be moving in a small closed path about the sun in seven years, is again drawing near the earth. During the summer it will move along the path KL, Figure 1, and will be searched for with large telescopes.

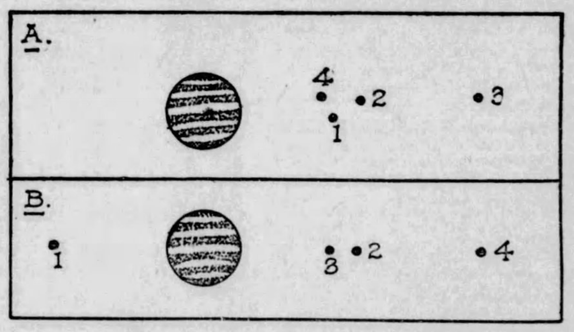

Figure 4.—(A) Appearance of Jupiter and its moons as seen in a small (inverting) telescope at 11 hours, 30 minutes p. m., May 1, 1911. (B) The same 24 hours later.

A SLEEPING MEMORY

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

"This," Lady Fiske said severely, "must be the end of it. You can scarcely fail to agree with me, Powers. Frankly, I find Eleanor intolerable."

Powers stood with his hands behind him, looking out into vacancy.

"She is very young, mother," he said, "and she is very thoughtless," he admitted. "Still—"

Lady Fiske interrupted him — a breach of decorum of which she was very seldom guilty.

"Pardon me, Powers. It is not her youth or her thoughtlessness to which I take exception—it is her whole disposition. She treats this household and every one connected with it as though we existed solely for her convenience. I have watched her carefully, and I have never seen her betray a single scrap of real feeling. She has not an atom of consideration. You know that the duke came simply because he wished to meet her. Before she went out I told her that we had people coming to lunch, and I asked her particularly to be in early. What happens? She trolls in just as we had finished, with Dr. Trowse, of all men in the world. She did nothing to make amends. There were half-a-dozen people besides the duke to be entertained, and a nod is all she vouchsafes to any of them. She must insist, if you please, upon sitting next to Dr. Trowse, although the places were arranged quit differently, and she isn't even decently civil to anybody else—not even to you, Powers, as I could not help noticing. It is flagrant and inexcusable selfishness—and I have had enough of it."

"What can we do?" Powers asked, in a low tone. "We cannot send her adrift."

Lady Fiske raised her eyebrows.

"We cannot do that! It is not necessary. You must find that uncle of hers at once. If you do not, I shall write to Colonel Hardinge. Frankly, Powers, I am not inclined to extend any further hospitality to Miss Hardinge than is absolutely necessary. It was at your request that I received her, and I have done all that I promised, and more. The limit of my inclination and my patience has been reached. I wish you to understand that Miss Hardinge is no longer a welcome inmate of this houe. You will, I trust, spare me the necessity of intimatig as much to her."

Powers walked moodily to the window, and his mother watched him with curious eyes. He was haggard and pale; his manner during the last few weeks had changed completely. He had become nervous and irritable. There were lines under his eyes, as though he had slept badly.

"For the moment, at any rate," he said, in a low tone, "she is under our care, and I must admit that her—conduct—gives cause for some anxiety. You do not imagine that she is seriously attracted by Trowse?"

Lady Fiske frowned impatiently.

"I do not think that she is ever likely to be seriously attracted by any one," she answered coldly. "She is too utterly self-engrossed to be capable of such a thing as spontaneous and disinterested affection. She is fond of admiration, and the very fact that Dr. Trowse is reported to be proof against the attractions of her sex, as a rule, would be sufficient to excite her interest."

Powers was silent. Lady Fiske leaned forward in her chair.

"Powers," she said, "I suppose it has never occurred to you as possible that Eleanor might be—an adventuress?"

"What on earth do you mean, mother?" he asked quietly.

"You are sure that you remember her—as the daughter of Colonel Hardinge?"

"I am certain," he answered. "Why do you ask?"

Lady Fiske sighed.

"For several reasons," she answered. "You see the manner of her coming was so unusual, and the Press never corrected their first report of her death. Then this loss of her memory is, to say the least of it, extraordinary. For her to have been born and lived all her life in India, and yet know nothing of the country, is a constant puzzle to people."

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Only that old General Gilbert quite expected to recognize her, and I could see that he was completely puzzled. He watched her all the evening, and kept muttering to himself."

"He is in his dotage," Powers declared. "I remember her perfectly, mother. There is no possible shadow of doubt as to her identity."

Lady Fiske looked resigned.

"If you are satisfied, Powers," she said, "of course there is nothing else to be done. Only I can assure you that I am quite in earnest. My chaperonage of Eleanor was to be for a short time only. I have found it too long already—and Marian also is of my mind."

"I will see what can be done," Powers promised wearily.

Lady Fiske raised her glasses and looked for a moment at her son.

"What is the matter with you, Powers?"

"I have a headache," he answered shortly.

"You look as though you were suffering from something more lasting than a headache," his mother said quietly, "I am beginning to feel nervous about you."

"It is nothing," he declared impatiently. "I am a little run down. I must get away for a day or two."

She surveyed him thoughtfully. He showed signs of a rare irritation.

"Is there anything troubling you, Powers? Anything upon your mind?"

"No."

"Better tell me! I might be able to help."

"There is nothing," he declared. "What should there be?"

She sighed, and looked away. He

Stone in Bladder Removed Without Surgical Operation

In the spring of 1904, I was confined to my bed with kidney trouble and thought that I would never recover. I took a lot of medicine but did not realize any benefit from anything. I finally saw Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root advertisement and sent for a sample bottle and thought the sample bottle helped me, so I bought more of the medicine from my Druggist, and after using a few bottles discharged a very large stone from my bladder.

After passing this stone my health was very much improved and I have been able to continue my business without any serious sickness.

J. L. KNOWLES,
Headland, Ala.

Personally appeared before me this 8th day of September, 1909, J. Loftus Knowles, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

J. W. WHIDDON,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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opened his lips as though about to speak, but the words never came. There was an interruption—tragical, unexpected. Ringing through the house, through closed doors and curtained hallways, came a sudden awful and thrilling sound—the cry of a woman in mortal fear.

Powers sprang to the door and threw it open. Outside all was silent. There was no repetition of the cry. Then a fainter sound reached him—a low convulsive moaning as of some creature in pain. He crossed the hall, ran wildly down a long passage, and flung open the door of the little sitting room which had been given to Eleanor for her own. With his foot upon the threshold, he paused for a second. He heard stealthy movements in the hall, the front door softly opened and shut. On the floor before him, white and motionless, Eleanor was lying.

Marian, who had heard the cry in the drawing room, was there almost at the same moment. Together they loosened her clothing, and Powers bent over her anxiously. Then he carried her to a sofa and sat down beside her. He beckoned Marian to him, and whispered in her ear:

"Did you see any one in the hall?"

She shook her head.

"I was just too late. Some one went out. I heard the door open and shut."

"Your guests had all left?"

"Yes. Some time ago."

He laid his hand upon her shoulders. His words sounded like a command, his tone was an entreaty.

"Go and see whether the servants let any one out—if any one saw who it was."

She was gone for several minutes. Powers sat with Eleanor's hand in his, watching for her return to consciousness. Her fingers lay in his, cold and passive, her hair was in wild disorder, and her face was still deadly pale. He bent over the closed eyes, and a fierce, passionate desire crept into his heart. If only she might wake up as he had known her first. If only these terrible months of her second existence might be blotted out forever. He was content to have failed in his great experiment. He had no longer any ambition to add to the sum of human knowledge. The memory of Halkar and his patients had become a nightmare to him. Forever he would have been content to remain ignorant of those things which lay now so short a distance beyond. It was an unexpected lesson which he had learned, a strange fever which had wrought so marvelous a transformation in him. The old ideals were dead and buried, life itself had become centered around the girl who lay by his side now, white and inanimate. Life seemed suddenly so much more simple, an unimagined sweetness mocked him.

Marian came back into the room.

"There was unfortunately no one in the hall," she whispered. "Groves heard the door, and came upstairs at once, but he was too late to see who it was."

Powers nodded, but his lips were set in a firm, grim line. Together they sat by her side until at last, with a little shiver, she opened her eyes.

"Is that you, Marian?" she said weakly. "Where am I? What has happened?"

"That is what we want to know from you, Eleanor?" Marian answered. "We heard you call out, and we found you on the floor in a faint."

Eleanor looked for a moment puzzled.

"Let me see," she said half to herself. "I came here to get a book, and—ah!"

She broke off suddenly. Her eyes filled with a wild, scared light. She stretched out her hands.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried. "I can't look, I daren't!"

She was trembling all over. She seized Powers' arm, and clung to it tightly. He set his teeth, and bent more closely over her.

"Tell us what frightened you, Eleanor."

"I can't—remember," she muttered. "I came here, and perhaps I fell asleep. I don't know! The room was full of white light, and some one was looking at me—I heard them speak, and they were forcing me to look, and it was like death. What was it I saw?"

"Try and remember," he whispered.

"Some one was holding my wrist, and their fingers burned like fire," she murmured. "There was the sound of the sea in my ears—or a great wind. And everywhere the blinding white light, and beyond! O God!"

She commenced to cry like a little child, and Marian comforted her.

"Don't ask her any more questions, Powers," she whispered. "She'll be ill again."

"I must," he answered. "Don't interfere! Eleanor, listen."

She looked at him with streaming eyes.

"Some one spoke to you?"

"Yes."

"Whose voice was it?"

"I don't remember. It frightened me. It said two words only—'Look! Speak!' And I looked, and on the other side of the light I saw—I saw—" Her head drooped, her eyes closed. "I saw—"

Her voice died away. She had fallen asleep.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Trowse rose from his chair, and deliberately laid on one side the book which he had been reading. He affected to ignore the fact that his visitor took no notice of his greeting or of his outstretched hand.

"Is anything the matter, Powers?" he asked, with faint satire. "You look worried."

Powers looked behind him. The door was closed, and the servant who had ushered him in had departed. He advanced farther into the room, and the eyes of the two then met—challenging, subtly inimical. There remained between them no memory of their past friendship.

"I have come," Powers said fiercely, "to have an explanation with you."

Trowse raised his eyebrows.

"Your present attitude," he remarked, "seems to require something of the sort."

"You were in the Park this morning! You met Miss Hardinge?"

"Certainly!"

"What the devil were you doing there?"

Trowse stared at him.

"If you are going to behave like a fool," he said, "I shall decline to have anything to say to you."

Powers choked down a momentary fit of passion.

"You were in the Park—contrary, I suppose you will admit, to your usual custom, and you walked home with Miss Hardinge to Berkeley Square, arriving half an hour late for luncheon. You took leave of my mother and sister at 3 o'clock. Did you leave the house then?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"At Miss Hardinge's request, I went into her sitting room. I really forget what it was she wanted to show me—a picture or a book—some trifle! You can doubtless understand that the opportunity of being alone with her was not to be resisted."

Powers ground his teeth. "How long did you stay there?"

"An hour—perhaps more."

"You left her in a faint upon the floor?"

"Unfortunately, yes," Trowse admitted. "I was afraid all the time that we might be disturbed, and I attempted too much. It was a mistake which I regret exceedingly. I trust that she has recovered?"

Powers was white with rage. The coolness of the other man was almost past bearing.

"It is well that you are honest," he said, his voice unsteady with passion. "It simplifies matters. Now listen. Eleanor Hardinge is in my charge. I forbid you to speak to her. I forbid you my house. I have warned you once before. Understand me now. I will have none of your interference. Have I spoken plainly enough?"

Trowse shrugged his shoulders. His tone was deprecatory.

"Be reasonable, Powers," he said. "You cannot carry this thing through alone. It is big enough for both of us. You can take all the credit if you will, if ever we should place the result upon record. But I want you to understand this: I will not be altogether ousted. You brought me into this thing, and I decline to be turned out."

"You are not serious. You do not dare to tell me that?"

"I am perfectly serious," Trowse continued. "I should prefer that we worked this thing together like sensible men—it was your first intention, I believe. In that case, I do not wish to take any advantage of you. The result, I am sure, will be far more satisfactory."

"Damn the result—and you!" Powers cried. "What I have said is plain enough surely. I will not have you come near her. If you repeat this afternoon's attempt I will shoot you like a dog."

Trowse considered for a moment.

"You remind me," he said softly, "of a homely fable. I wonder whether you realize your position—the power which you have lost through this extraordinary fit of sentimentality."

"What do you mean?" Powers asked hoarsely.

"I think that you know," Trowse answered. "It is quite clear to me. You have lost all controlling power over Miss Hardinge, Your will against hers has become as the will of a child's. For you it is a most unfortunate occurrence."

Powers was as white as death.

"I am content," he said. "It is no concern of yours."

Trowse surveyed his visitor for a moment critically.

"I wish I knew exactly what was the matter with you, Powers," he said. "You appear to me to be on the eve of a nervous collapse. I am not sure whether I ought to take you seriously."

It was a deliberate attempt at provocation. Powers knew it, and held himself in.

"If you fail to do so, Trowse," Powers said, "you will have only yourself to blame for the consequences. For as you and I are living men, I shall keep my word."

"We will waive that matter for a moment," Trowse said. "Bearing in mind my knowledge of the slight—irregularities which have already occurred as regards the introduction into your household of the young lady in question, it may perhaps be worth your while to deal with me reasonably. I should like to understand the true cause of your change of attitude towards me."

"Go on!"

Trowse swung his eyeglass backwards and forwards pensively.

"You want me out of it. Good! Now, is it from fear lest I might try in some way to steal a march upon you, might acquire knowledge, say, which I declined to share with you, or is it the fruits of this extraordinary sentimentality which I have observed in you during the last few months,"

"You can call it what you like," Powers answered desperately. "If you want the truth, here it is! I am ashamed and afraid of what I have already done. Morally, I am nothing less than a murderer."

"I cannot follow you," Trowse said, shaking his head. "A moral murderer. It is juggling with words."

"It is you," Powers declared, "who are wilfully blind. Can't you see that I have destroyed an intelligence? It is not only memory which has gone. There is something else."

"This is folly!" Trowse murmured. "You have seen the same results arrived at by others. You found nothing to shock you in their state."

"They were natives and people of a lower order," Powers answered. "I cannot make you understand. It is not worth while. Only believe this or not, as you choose. I would give years of my life to undo what I have done."

"You have, I believe, contracted an affection for Miss Hardinge," Trowse said coolly.

"As between you and me," Powers answered, "that is of no consequence."

Trowse smiled quietly.

"We have called ourselves friends," he said. "I shall speak to you as though we remained such. I myself, as you know, am a person of few affections. I am not greatly concerned in your happiness or your misery. But it seems to be my duty to remind you that the young lady in question is in a most extraordinary position. She is, in short, mentally deformed."

"I will not listen!" Powers cried sharply.

"You must!" Trowse continued. "You have in Miss Hardinge a young woman of purely sensuous instincts. Her own pleasure is her law. She is wholly unconscious of any pain she might inflict upon others—she has, I should imagine, no moral judgment. With her memory has passed away something which neither you nor I can define. I am too thorough a materialist to try—you may have your own theories, which do not interest me. But the fact remains that Miss Hardinge, with all her physical attractions, is hopelessly deficient in all those qualities which go to make a desirable—companion."

"She is what I made her!" Powers cried hoarsely. "Trowse, you don't understand I couldn't make you understand It's outside any one's comprehension But I love her! I can't help it! I love her!"

There was a deep silence. The clock ticked; a piece of coal fell into the fire; a small dashund rose from the mat and yawned. But both men avoided speech. Even Trowse, though such things were outside his life, was conscious of the dramatic possibilities of that despairing confession. It was he who broke the silence at last.

"You have my sympathy, if that is of any use to you, Powers," he declared. "It seems to me to be a very terrible retribution for an attempt in which I consider you had every justification. Now, I am bound to ask you this. We know that this girl, notwithstanding her present state, still represents to us huge possibilities. I have studied this question since last we talked, and I am convinced that so long as the memory of her past life remains lost, so long is there a chance that a faint echo of some former existence can be forced into her mind, and may be wrung from her lips. Your hand, Powers, is upon the curtain which hangs before the greatest mystery which the universe knows. Are you going to raise that curtain?"

"I am not," Powers answered firmly. "I have learned my life's lesson. I am going to devote all my time and skill to restoring what we have robbed her of."

Trowse made no immediate answer. His face was emotionless—like a white, still mask. But in his eyes there was for a moment a glitter like steel touched by fire.

"We have wasted our time then, Powers," he said. "We have talked to no purpose. At least, there shall not be any misunderstanding between us. I make no promise. I go my own way, and I accept your threat."

Powers turned to leave the room.

"Trowse," he said, looking back, with his hand upon the door, "as I am a living man, those were no idle words of mine. Be wise—and remember them."

To be Continued.

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5196—A Graceful Costume—This graceful gown is cut on the newest lines. It has the surplice effect of waist and the closely fitted skirt. There is a chemisette which is removable, the rest of the waist being draped over it. The skirt has nine gores and opens in the center of the back. Satin, silk, cheviot, serge and the like are suitable materials. The pattern (5196) is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires seven-yard of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4911—Ladies' Apron—This apron is one of the most comfortable of all real work aprons. The princess panel in front fits in at the waist line and the straps which cross over the shoulders continue below the belt as side gores. Gingham is the material oftenest used for aprons but brilliantine is also available as it washes nicely. The pattern 4911 is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5½ yards of 27 inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5146—Misses' Dress—This plain little frock can be made by any growing girl with a little assistance from her mother. The waist is in shirt waist effect with Gibson tucks at the shoulders. The skirt has seven gores and the seams are lapped over one another. This style is suitable for linen, pongee, gingham, cambric, madras and other wash farics as well as serge, etc. The pattern (5146) is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 5⅝ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4425—Boys' Suit—In this pretty suit we have a modification of the Russian style. The jacket opens in front, the outline of the closing being broken by a tab at the breast. The neck is open in a V inside which is a small shield and collar. By trimming all free edges with contrasting braid a very handsome suit can be obtained. The pattern 4425 is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 27 inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4646—Ladies' Middy Blouse.—This blouse may be worn in middy style, over the skirt or gathered and belted in either inside or outside. The deep yoke facing is decidedly ornamental and the cut of the shoulder is strictly according to naval regulations. The large sailor collar and the small shield and standing collar may contrast or not as preferred. The pattern 4646 is cut in sizes 30 to 40 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material, with 1 yard of 27 inch contrasting fabric and 3 yards of braid. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5211—Child's Yoke Dress—In this frock we have a novelty as a glance at the picture will show. The sleeves and dress are cut in one and both are joined to the lower edge of a small round yoke, which may be cut away until it is merely a band. The material is gathered in front and back and held in at the waist by a belt of the material or of leather as preferred. The pattern 5211 is cut in sizes 2 to 10 years. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 27 inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5134—Ladies' Dress.—In this model we have a charming design for an afternoon dress and it is suitable for either street or home wear, according to the material and color of the material selected for it. Cashmere, Henriettta, albatross, wash silk and the like in tender shades for home use and serge, cheviot, satin or novelty goods for the street will be effective. The pattern (5134) is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires 4⅞ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1⅞ yards of 36 with one yard of 18-inch allover for the guimpe. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4834—Ladies' Night Gown—This model is uncommonly graceful. The neck is in square outline, with bands of insertion to mark it off. The front and back of the lower portion may be tucked across or gathered as preferred and the opening placed at the left side on a line with the trimming, or the gown may be slipped over the head if the opening be large enough. The pattern 4834 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 7 yards of 27 inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5273—A Fourteen Gore Skirt—This skirt is cut in such a manner that will make even a stout figure seem slender and graceful. The many lines produce a tapering effect and as each seam laps over the one back of it and is stitched along its edge the impression is intensified. The band at knee depth may be omitted if preferred. Serge, cheviot, homespun, panama and wash materials are suitable for this skirt. The pattern 5273 is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist maisure. Medium size requires 4 yards of 44 inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

3966—Ladies' Dressng Sacque—The dressing sacque is indispensable in warm weather. The design illustrated is suitable for cashmere, challis, silk or cotton crepe, lawn and many other sheer fabrics. It may be trimmed in contrasting colors with silk, velvet ribbon or braid or with some of the Oriental bandings now so much worn. The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5126—Ladies' Shirt Waist—One of the newer models of the season is offered in this waist. It has the Gibson tucks at the shoulders and a group of smaller tucks at each side of the closing band. The back has but two tucks which form a box pleat effect. Percale, gingham, madras, satin, silk and other wash materials are appropriate for a waist in this style. The pattern 5126 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5071—Child's Dress—This natty little dress can be made with all ease in an hour's time. The front and half the sleeve are cut in one piece and the back and the other half of the sleeve in another piece. The two sections are joined on the outside of the arm and by the underarmseam. The neck is round. Cambric, madras, batiste, etamines, gingham and other novelty wash fabrics are suitable for this dress. The pattern 5071 is cut in sizes 1 to 7 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 27 inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will somebody tell me if the "suckers" that grow around the roots of apple trees can be transplanted? If so, how? Will the new tree bear the same kind of fruit as the parent tree? —H., Brandon, Vt.

Will someone tell me how to rid a beehive of flying ants? How many drones are needed to a hive of bees?—G., Ada, Ohio.

PEAR BLIGHT

For pear blight—peaches, grapes, vines and plants, take one cup of sugar, two cups of salt, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of borax and dissolve in four or five gallons of wash-suds or scrub-water. Pour around trees or vines. Sprinkle cucumber vines or plants once or twice during the season. Very good for rose or plant lice.—F., Auburn, Ind.

MANGE

Somebody asked for a remedy for a dog afflicted with mange. I had a horse that had the mange and I cured it with a mixture of sulphur and lard. One application was sufficient. I would advise the inquirer to try it on the dog.—Mr. B., Cambridge, N. Y.

TREAT THE COLT KINDLY

J. F. Lasley, of Johnson county, Ill., writing in the St. Louis Star Farmer, gives some splendid advice to those who have the responsibility of handling colts. Mr. Lasley has the right idea, one that will appeal to all lovers of horses. He says:

The old-fashioned term "breaking" colts has just about gone out of date. The word "training" now takes its place, and it certainly is much more fitting. When you hitch the colt up, hold its confidence that you are his friend and are not going to hurt him he will look to you for protection. Teach him to work by offering the reward of kindness. Have you ever noticed how much good it does a colt after he has been worked until he is tired and probably thinks he has no friends to go around to him and pat and rub him about the head and talk to him?

He seemingly understands your every word and picks up courage.

Be patient and teach him to work and pull as a habit. He will soon get the hang of working well, but until he gets the right swing he will be awkward and not very reliable to draw heavy loads. Too many men seem to expect the yearling or suckling colt to be "bridle-wise" the very first time they put the bridle or halter on him.

Gentle training while the colt is young will mean a perfectly tractable and valuable animal when the proper time comes to put him in the harness. You cannot expect the young horse to move off in the harness like an old horse, because it has not yet learned what all the new things mean. It must learn all of them one by one, and a little at a time.

The two principal essentials in training the colt is kindness and patience. If you have a large stock of these two virtues you will have little difficulty in bringing up a colt in the way he should go. But if you haven't got any patience and are ill-natured with the colt or young horse, you will stand a good chance of having a "spoilt" horse.

You wouldn't think about having a child do something it didn't know, without teaching it what to do. So it is with the colt.

USELESS OLD HENS

As a usual thing when a hen passes her third year her usefulness as a layer is over. That is not saying that she will cease to lay eggs when she attains that age, but the number of eggs which she will lay in the course of the year will be so far short of what might be obtained from a younger hen that it entails upon the owner a continual loss in surrendering to her the room which might be occupied by the more profitable bird. The same work and time, to say nothing of the feed, which would be demanded by a pen of 3 and 4-year-old hens, would suffice for a pen of 2-year-olds, and the last could be counted on to give results almost double that which could be expected from the first.

We are well convinced that aged hens, which should have been invited to "move on" about the time of the last presidential election, are having much to do with destroying the faith of many farmers in any practical plan for obtaining a steady supply of winter eggs. Too often the average farmer knows nothing about the ages of the hens in his poultry house. The womenfolks of his family may be better informed on the subject, but barring a few old favorites which have been marked for special privileges on account of some uncommon merit, even their knowledge of the flock in general is largely conjectural.

There is mighty little chance of obtaining paying winter returns from old hens. Experienced poultrymen do not attempt it, knowing that at best it would mean very small profits, when they have the certainty of large profits with their houses filled with young hens. One of the first things the farmer needs to make sure of when he undertakes to try his hand at developing a pen of winter layers is that no hen in the flock is more than three years old.—Southern Farm Advocate.

MAKING PORK WITH FORAGE

The use of forage crops in the production of pork has been found by the Missouri experiment station to be a more economical method than full feeding in a dry lot on heavy grain rations. They also find:

Blue grass makes the most profitable gains in May and June. When supplemented with grain at the rate of from 1½ to 3 pounds per head, the average profits per acre for the whole season, with pork at 6 cents, were $17.71.

Blue grass is profitable until the middle of August or until the grass becomes dry and unpalatable.

The amount of pork produced per acre with alfalfa was 596.8 pounds.

Red clover ranks among the first as a hog forage because of the palatableness of the feed throughout the season, and also because of its adaptability to rotations The average amount of pork produced per acre was 572.2 pounds. Corn fed to 6-cent hogs on clover was worth 98 cents per bushel.

Rape fits well in hog forage crop rotation, if clover is sown with it for the following year. In this experiment, it averaged a production of 394 pounds of pork per acre.

First growth sorghum is adaptable for hogs, and furnished excellent feed through July and August when other forages are affected by dry weather. Hogs should be turned on when the sorghum is 18 inches high.

Cowpeas gave an average return of 224.9 pounds of pork per acre.

The returns from an acre of rye grain, when hogged off, are practically equal to the returns when sold as grain. If however, the added fertility be taken into account they are greater.

The average amount of pork produced per acre, where corn was hogged off, was 895.2 pounds, which, with pork at 6 cents, would give a gross return of $23.71 per acre. If the humus and fertility which were retained on the land, were taken into account the returns would be much larger.

The number of hogs that may be kept on each acre of forage will depend upon the abundance of forage, but in general not more than 10 to 12 head should be used.

The greatest returns have been obtained when grain was fed in addition to the forage at the rate of 2 to 3 per cent of the weight of the hogs per day. The amount fed per head per day should be increased as the hog increases in size.

A very good plan in feeding 80 to 100-pound hogs on forage would be to feed per head, per day during May 1¾ pounds of grain, during June, 2 pounds grain, during July 3 pounds grain, and during August 4 to 5 pounds grain.

Gains made on forage are made at 20 to 30 per cent less cost than gains produced with grain a in dry lot feeding. With pork at 6 cents the average value of a bushel of corn fed to hogs in dry lot was 66 cents per bushel; and the average value of a bushel of corn fed to hogs on forage was 80 cents, after a $10 charge had been paid for rent, taxes, etc.

Where forages and grain crops are fed on the land which produced them the minimum amount of fertility is removed, and the physical condition of the soil improved.

INFERTILE EGGS

Infertile eggs will undoubtedly keep longer than fertile ones, and many of the older poultry writers in quoting this fact were in the habit of following it up with the statement that hens lay just as well by themselves as in the company of a male. This latter is a mistake. If you want to ascertain how much influence the cock bird has on the egg-basket just turn a frisky young rooster loose among a lot of sleepy old hens and you will really be surprised at the way they will start to scratching and singing. They'll seem to take new interest in life and look upon procreation as the chief aim of existence. On the other hand, it is possible to imperil the fertility of eggs by having so many male birds that they will interfere with one another. Strike a happy medium and be reasonable in all things.—Southern Farm Advocate.

CABBAGE WORMS

The imported cabbage worm and some other species of cabbage worms can be effectually controlled by the use of (1) Paris green at the rate of 1 pound to 50 gallons of water or (2) ersenate of lead at the rate of 4 pounds to 50 gallons of water sprayed on the young plants before the heads are well formed. This treatment should be repeated from time to time as required in order to protect the plants. Where a few plants are to be treated insect powder or pyrethrum is sometimes employed for the control of the insect by dusting it upon the plants.

NAME EACH COW

Each cow should have a name, which should always be spoken when approaching her. This one point counts for much in the successful handling of a herd. Suppose the cows are slowly filing into the barn, and you see that Rose is about to go into the wrong stall, a quick call of "Rose!" will attract her attention, and she will forget that she was about to go to her neighbor's stall to steal a mouthful of her feed. If Rose, when in the yard, is about to hook another member of the herd, and just at that moment hears her name called, she will forget what she was about to do. Again suppose the herd is slowly wending its way down the lane to the pasture, and someone has thoughtlessly left a side-gate open, leading into a grain field. Rose is in the lead; and, as you see her turning toward the open gate, a quick, sharp call of "Rose!" will exert a wonderful influence in bringing her back into line. It is by such methods that a herd can be gradually taught to do the right things, to save you many steps, and at the same time bring a larger return.—Southern Farm Advocate.

HOME-MADE INSECT POWDER

A simple and effective insect powder can be prepared by using eight parts of gasoline, one part crude carbolic acid (strength 90 to 95 per cent) and stirring in sufficient plaster of paris until a thick, moist mixture is formed. Spread out this mass on a cloth or paper in a fairly warm room to allow the surplus gasoline to evaporate. At the end of 24 hours the powder is ready for use. Another excellent dusting powder can be made by running refuse tobacco stems through the feed mill and using the powder thus obtained for insect control.

INDIA PLAGUE DEATHS DOUBLE

Total for March 95,884, Against 43,508 in February.

London, April 27.—The official figures of the ravages of the bubonic plague in the central provinces of India show the total of 95,884 deaths in March. The fatalities during February were 43,508.

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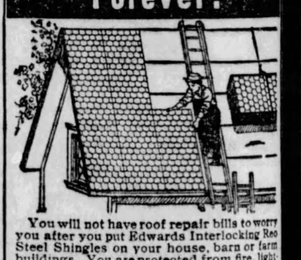

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HUSBAND MAY SPANK WIFE

Baltimore Sun.

After being out for almost twenty-four hours a jury in Judge Vandenventer's court in East St. Louis decided that a husband had a right to spank his wife. The jury therefore refused to give a divorce to Mrs. Hannah Rebecca Yowell.

Yowell testified that at 2 a. m., July 5 last, he got up and gave his wife "a good spanking," because she had kept him awake for four hours talking to him. He then dressed and went to a neighbor's house and told about it.

"He called me 'red head' when he wanted to make me mad," said Mrs. Yowell, whose auburn locks attracted the eyes of many spectators.

Yowell said that the night he spanked his wife he asked her repeatedly to refrain from her hurricane of words, but the verbal storm lasted for four hours and he was unable to get a wink of sleep.

The Love Sonnets of a Cowboy.

The other day she asked me what I read,
And I owned up right there and told her straight
That I was readin' then "The Trailer's Fate,"
But that the book I liked was "Six-Gun Ned."
And say! the roastin' that come on my head;
She said I oughter read each night till late
A chap named Browning—that he's simply great,
And all dime junk is fierce, that's what she said,
So now I've tried to borrow, left and right,
Of all the cowboys in this neighborhood,
But none of 'em kin tumble to my play;
I'm tryin' awful hard to be polite,
And play the game as any highbrow would,
But who in h—l's this Browning, anyway?
—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

Splendid Hazard

Continued from First Page.

anything is missing—"

"Oh, Mr. Fitzgerald!"

"I shall know where to look for it," with a smile which had no humor in it.

"Why not denounce me now?"

"Would it serve your purpose?"

"No," with deeper gravity. "It would be a great disaster; how great I cannot tell you."

"Then, I shall say nothing."

"About what?" dryly, even whimsically.

"About your being a secret agent from France."

This time M. Ferraud's glance proved that he was truly startled. Only three times in his career had his second life been questioned or suspected. He eyed his hands accusingly; they had betrayed him. This young man was clever, cleverer than he had thought. He had been too confident and had committed a blunder. Should he trust him? With that swift unerring instinct which makes the perfect student of character, he said: "You will do me a great favor not to impart this suspicion to any one else."

"Suspicion?"

"It is true; I am a secret agent;" and he said it proudly.

"You wish harm to none here?"

"Mon dieu! No. I am here for the very purpose of saving you all from heartaches and misfortune and disillusion. And had I set to work earlier I should have accomplished all this without a single one of you knowing it. Now the matter will have to go on to its end."

"Can you tell me anything?"

"Not now. I trust you; will you trust me?"

Fitzgerald hesitated for a space. "Yes."

"For that, thanks," and M. Ferraud put out a hand. "It is clean, Mr. Fitzgerald, for all that the skin is broken."

"Of that I have no doubt."

"Before we reach Corsica you will know."

And so temporarily that ended the matter. But as Fitzgerald went over to the chair just vacated by the secretary, he found that there was a double zest to life now. This would be far more exciting than dodging icefloes and freezing one's toes.

Laura told him the news. Their guests would arrive that evening in time for dinner.

* * * * * * *

It was Breitmann's habit to come down first. He would thrum a little on the piano or take down some old volume. Tonight it was Heine. He had not met any of the guests yet, which he considered a piece of good fortune. But God only knew what would happen when she saw him. He dreaded the moment, dreaded it with anguish. She was a woman schooled in acting, but a time comes when the best acting is not sufficient. If only in some way he might have warned her; but no way had opened. She would find him ready, however, ready with his eyes, his lips, his nerves. What would the others think or say if she lost her presence of mind? His teeth snapped. He read on. The lamp threw the light on the scarred side of his face.

He heard some one enter, and his gaze stole over the top of his book. This person was a woman, and her eyes traveled from object to object with a curiosity tinged with that incertitude which attacks us all when we enter an unfamiliar room. She was dressed in black, showing the white arms and neck. Her hair was like ripe wheat after a rain-storm; oh, but he knew well the color of her eyes, blue as the Adriatic. She was a woman of perhaps thirty, matured, graceful, handsome. The sight of her excited a thrill in his veins, deny it how he would.

She scanned the long row of books, the strange weapons, the heroic and sinister flags, the cases of butterflies. With each inspection she stepped nearer and nearer, till by reaching out his hand he might have touched her. Quietly he rose. It was a critical moment.

She was startled. She had thought she was alone.

"Pardon me," she said, in a low, musical voice; "I did not know that anyone was here." And then she saw his face. Her own blanched and her hands went to her heart. "Karl?"

To be Continued.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

I would like to have you give a short biography of Ernest Thompson Seton in the columns of the Question Bureau.—J. C. A., Deshler, O.

Ernest Thompson Seton, the American author, for some time known as Seton-Thompson, was born August 14, 1860. After a brief course at the Royal Academy, London, he spent three years in zoological study on the Assiniboine in Manitoba, published works on the birds of Manitoba and the animals of Manitoba, and was made government naturalist of the province. He executed for the Century Dictionary more than a thousand drawings of birds and animals. In 1890 he became a pupil of Mosier in Paris, whither he returned four years later to study with Ferrier, Bougereau and Gerome. He exhibited at the salon several drawings and paintings of wolves, his particular subjects. Seton has published several works, which, while generally recognized as of excellent quality from a strictly literary viewpoint, have been criticised from that of natural history.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Please give a short sketch of the life of the Duke of Wellington.—C. J. H., Fairmont, W. Va.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was born in 1769, and died in 1852. He was educated at Eton, at Brighton, and at the military college of Angers. In 1787 he received a commission as ensign, and after a rapid series of changes and promotions, attained by purchase, 1793, the command as lieutenant-colonel of the 33d regiment. For the next two years he served with his regiment under the Duke of York at Flanders. He then went to India, where he served with success. In 1802 Wellesley became a major-general, and the following year was appointed to the chief military and political command in the operations against the unruly Mahratta chiefs. He returned to England, where he succeeded Lord Cornwallis as commander of his own regiment. He later entered parliament and became secretary of state for Ireland. In 1808 he attained the rank of lieutenant-general, and in June received the command of a force destined to operate in the north of Spain and Portugal. The next year he took chief command in the Peninsula, and by the famous passage of the Douro and the defeat of Soult which followed, fittingly opened this masterly campaign. For the victory at Talvera the government raised Wellesley to the peerage as Viscount Wellington. He won victory after victory, his success being rewarded by his being made marquis and field marshal. In 1814 he won the battle of Toulouse, in which Soult's best troops were routed and the hopes of France in the Peninsula utterly annihilated. For this the triumphant general was made Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington. He commanded against Napoleon at Waterloo. With the return of peace he resumed the career of politics. He was in the cabinet of Lord Liverpool in 1819, in 1822 represented Great Britain in the congress of Vienna, in 1826 he was appointed high constable of the Tower, and in 1827 succeeded the Duke of York as commander-in-chief of the forces. In 1828 he accepted the premiership, resigning the command of the forces to Lord Hill. In 1829 he was appointed governor of Dover Castle and lord warden of the Cinque Ports. He accepted office under Sir Robert Peel in 1834-41, and again in 1846, when he helped to carry the repeal of the corn laws, which till then he had opposed. In 1842 he resumed the command of the forces.

SALARIES OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS

Please give the salaries to the president, vice president, members of the cabinet, senators and representatives, and supreme court justices.—H. F. W., Langsville, O.

The salary of the president of this country is $75,000 per year; of the vice president, $12,000; of the senators and representatives, $7,500; the speaker of the house, $12,000; the chief justice of the United States supreme court, $13,000; and the associate justices, $12,500. The cabinet officers each receive $12,000 per year.

JOHN HUSS

Please give a sort biography of John Huss in the colmns of your paper.—O. B., Watervliet, N. Y.

John Huss, the Bohemian religious heresiarch, was born about 1369 in southern Bohemia, and died in Switzerland on July 6, 1415. He studied at the University of Prague, and in 1398 began to lecture on theology and philosophy. In 1401 he was made dean of the faculty of philosophy, having been made rector of the university the year before. Huss was acquainted with the writings of Wickliffe and began to preach his doctrines throughout Bohemia until prohibited to do so by the Archbishop of Prague. Huss appealed to Pope John XXIII., who summoned him to appear at Bologna. Huss refused to do this, and was in consequence excommunicated and Prague threatened with an interdict as long as Huss remained in it. The king, alarmed by this menace, thought to bring about peace, and at his demand Huss made an orthodox profession of faith in 1411. But the quarrel broke out again when Huss and his friend Jerome publicly condemned the papal indulgencies granted for the crusade against Ladislaus, of Naples. Huss was again excommunicated and Prague interdicted. He now retired to Husinec to the protection of his feudal lord, and there he wrote several books in which he attacks transubstantiation, the belief in the papal primacy and the saints, the efficacy of the absolution of a vicious priest, unconditional obedience to earthly rulers, and makes the Scriptures the only rule in matters of religion. In 1413 Huss was summoned by the Council of Constance to render an account of his doctrines. He was granted a safe conduct to the council, but after several examinations of his doctrines and his persistent refusal to retract the points which were regarded as heretical, he was sentenced to death and burned at the stake July 6, 1415.

RICHARD OLNEY

Will you please give a biography of Richard Olney?—J. S., Reed's Mill, Ohio.

Richard Olney, the American lawyer and politician, was born September 15, 1835. He was graduated from Brown university in 1856, and from the Harvard law school in 1858. The following year he was admitted to the bar and practiced law in Boston, being particularly successful as the chief counsel for the Boston & Maine and other railroads. In 1874 he was elected a member of the legislature of Massachusetts on the Democratic ticket, but was not especially active in politics. In 1893 he was appointed attorney general by President Cleveland, and was instrumental in breaking the railroad strike in 1894 by obtaining an injunction against the strikers from the United States circuit court of Illinois, enjoining them from interfering with interstate commerce and the United States mails. This injunction was enforced by the use of United States troops, and was sustained by a decision of the supreme court, it being the first case of government by injunction in case of a strike. Olney became secretary of state in 1895, in which position he had charge of negotiations with England in regard to the boundary dispute with Venezuela, and wrote a remarkable official note sustaining the right of the United States to interfere and give a wide interpretation to the Monroe doctrine. He withdrew from his party in 1896 because of the free silver plank in the platform, but in 1900 he supported Bryan, publicly declaring his reason for so doing to be because he could not support the Republican policy in regard to the tariff, trusts and imperialism. He was prominently mentioned as a candidate for president in 1904.

STATE GOVERNORS

Please give the names of the governors of the states of the union and the political parties of which they are members.—P. D. B., Hopewell, O.

The following are the Republican governors of the states and territories of the United States: Alaska, Walter E. Clark; Arizona, Richard E. Sloan; California, Hiram W. Johnson; Delaware, Simeon S. Pennewill; Hawaii, Walter F. Frear; Illinois, Charles S. Deneen; Iowa, Beryl F. Carroll; Kansas, Walter R. Stubbs; Kentucky, Augustus E. Willson; Michigan, Charles S. Osborn; Minnesota, Adolph O. Eberhart; Missouri, Robert S. Hadley; Nebraska, Chester H. Aldrich; Nevada, Tasker L. Oddie; New Hampshire, Robert P. Bass; New Mexico, William J. Mills; Pennsylvania, John K. Tener; Porto Rico, George R. Colton; Rhode Island, Aram J. Pothier; South Dakota, Robert S. Vessey; Tennessee, Ben W. Hooper; Utah, William Spry; Vermont, John A. Mead; Washington, M. E. Hay; West Virginia, William E. Glasscock. The governors who belong to the Democratic party are: Alabama, Emmet O. Neal; Arkansas, George W. Donaghey; Colorado, John F. Shaffroth; Connecticut, Simeon E. Baldwin; Florida, Albert W. Gilchrist; Georgia, Hoke Smith; Idaho, James H. Hawley; Indiana, Thomas R. Marshall; Louisiana, Jared Y. Sanders; Maine, Frederick W. Plaisted; Maryland, Austin L. Crothers; Massachusetts, Eugene N. Foss; Mississippi, Edmond F. Noel; Montana, Edwin L. Norris; New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson; New York, John A. Dix; North Carolina, W. W. Kitchin; North Dakota, John Burke; Ohio, Judson Harmon; Oklahoma, Lee Cruce; Oregon, Oswald West; South Carolina, Cole L. Blease; Texas, O. B. Colquitt; Virginia, William Hodges Mann; Wisconsin, F. C. McGovern, and Wyoming, J. M. Carey.

SOCIALISM

Please tell something about the origin and development of socialism.—C. B., Marion, Mich.

The body that is generally looked upon as the ancestor of the present Socialist organization is the League of the Just, organized in Paris, in 1836. The aims of this organization were indefinite and its principal significance lies in its transformation in 1847 into the Communist League. The development of Socialism is a long story, and this department of The Blade has not at its disposal sufficient space to discuss it intelligently.

PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

In case the President and Vice President of the United States should both die or be removed from office at the same time, as we understand, the secretary of state would become president, then it would be necessary to appoint a new secretary of state. Suppose the secretary who succeeded to the presidency should be removed from office, would the newly appointed secretary of state become president of would the secretary of treasury fill the office?—H. M. C., Oceana, W. Va.

No such condition of affairs that you mention has ever occurred in this country nor will it probably ever occur. But if it does it is our opinion that the newly appointed secretary of state would succeed to the office as the law directs. Of course he must have all the requirements to the presidency that the constitution demands. In case he does not fill these requirements the other members of the cabinet in order will succeed to the office.

THE CURFEW

Please tell what you can about the custom of ringing the curfew bell.—H. B. R., Asheville, N. C.

The ringing of the curfew was originally designed as a signal to the inhabitants to cover their fires, extinguish lights, and retire to rest. The practice is said to have been instituted by William the Conqueror, in all probability as a safeguard against fire, but the English in early days regarded the curfew as a badge of servitude. The word means to cover the fire. Originally the hour set for ringing the curfew bell was eight o'clock, but it was also rung at 9 o'clock. The bell in each village which tolled the curfew was known as the curfew bell. In certain parts of England the custom is still kept of ringing the bell at 9 o'clock. The curfew bell was introduced in the United States early in the century, but without regularity of practice. Several of the cities of the United States made an ordinance requiring that all children under a certain age keep off the streets after a certain time in the evening. The law in general use provides that all children under 15 years of age shall not be on the streets at night after nine p. m. in summer and 8 p. m. in winter, without the written consent of their parents or guardians.

W. VIRGINIA STATE OFFICERS

Please give the names of the state officers of West Virginia.—L. H., Fairmont, W. Va.

The following are the officers of West Virginia: Governor, William E. Glasscock; secretary of state, Stuart F. Reed; treasurer, E. L. Long; auditor, John S. Darst; attorney general, Wm. G. Conley; adjutant general, Charles E. Elliott; superintendent of schools, M. P. Shawkey; commissioner of agriculture, J. M. Millan. They are all Republicans.

AUGUSTA J. E. WILSON

I wish that you would give a biography of Augusta Jane Evans Wilson.—C. T., Nutwood, O.

Augusta Jane Evans Wilson, the American novelist, was born May 8, 1835. While she was yet a young girl her parents moved to Texas, where they followed the arduous life of pioneers. In 1841 they went to Mobile, Alabama, where their daughter is now residing. She never attended school, but received her education under the direction of her mother, a gifted and cultured woman, and early developed a passionate love for books. Her first novel was written when she was only 15 years of age. This novel was very popular and had a good sale. Her second novel, Beulah, published in 1859, was still more popular. Since then her novels have been sold throughout Europe and America with great success. During the civil war Mrs. Wilson had charge of a house which she rented herself and in which she took care of the sick and wounded southern soldiers. The plots of her novels are unique, and her descriptive powers unusually fine, while she has always written with a clearly defined motive in view. In 1868 she was married to L. M. Wilson, a wealthy railroad manager of Mobile, who shared her tastes, and proved a most sympathetic and appreciative companion. Her husband died in 1892, but she still lives in Mobile, devoting much of her time to her library and correspondence.

THE MONEY SYSTEM

I would like to know how money is put into circulation. Tell what you can about the money system of the United States.—P. C. H., West York, Ill.

There are four different kinds of legal tender in this country. They are gold and silver coins, gold and silver certificates, treasury notes and national bank notes. When gold bullion is brought to the government mint to be coined the person to whom the gold belongs is paid by the government in gold coin, while those bringing silver bullion are paid in silver certificates. Owing to the fact that a gold coin, after being in circulation for some time would lose some of the gold, the value deteriorates. There would not be the full amount of gold in the coin and the actual value would be less than the face value. The government instead of allowing gold to circulate puts it into its vaults and issues certificates of deposit which entitle the holder to the face value of the certificate if he presents it at the treasury and he is given the amount of gold it calls for. The same is done with the silver, but merely because silver is too heavy to carry around in large quantities. The silver certificates are in the form of one and two dollar bills. Treasury notes are merely promissory notes issued by the government. No certain amount has been deposited in the United States treasury for them, but the government's credit is behind them. National bank notes are the same as the treasury notes with the exception that instead of being issued by the government they are issued by the national banks, whose credit is good, for the government backs them.

MISCELLANEOUS

N. J., Johnsoton, Okla.—There is no town in Idaho with a postoffice named Silver Springs.

J. F. L., Danville, O.—The Mexicans are rebelling against President Diaz's dictatorial manner in handling the affairs of government.

T. C., Hanover, Ill.—J. Wilbur Chapman's biography was published in the Bureau of March 30, 1911.

T. H. E., Snowville, Va.—The present mikado of Japan is the 121st of his line, which dates back to 660 B. C.

R. S., Lompoc, Calif.—It would take too much space to answer your question. Read United States history for the information.

E. R., Berry's Lick, Ky.—Kentucky is 1 nthe sixth circuit court of the United States. The other states in the same circuit are Michigan, Ohio and Tennessee.

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From Factory To Horse

GOOD BUTTER MAKING AMONG THE FARMERS

Butter making on the farm is a subject that is worthy of consideration. It is said that the average cow will consume in the year about 9,000 pounds of silage, 3,000 pounds of hay and 2,500 pounds of grain, making a total of 14,500 pounds of raw material. This raw material could be marketed as such, and the part of it grown on the farm would undoubtedly yield a certain amount of profit to the farmer in return for his skill as a grower of farm crops. If to such skill he adds the work of the expert breeder and feeder of dairy cows he will only be obliged to carry to market about 6,000 pounds of milk, the value of which is considerably more than the value of the original 14,500 pounds of raw material; or if he goes still further and makes butter he will only take to market about 340 pounds of finished product, an amount which he can carry in a top buggy, and which is also worth more than the original feed given the cow. Every reduction in the bulk of the product, or in other words the making of the farm a factory for producing a high-grade, finished article, gives the farmer another opportunity to put his own skill and individuality into what he sells. Butter is the most concentrated of all farm products. If the conditions are right its manufacture should bring extra profit, which simply means a fair price for time and skill. Whether or not this profit can be obtained today by making butter on the farm depends entirely on the skill put into its manufacture and sale.

One thousand pounds of milk equal 465 quarts. At 3 1-2c per quart its value is $16.27. The value of the same amount of milk made into butter will depend upon the richness of the milk. If it will test 4 per cent. of fat, then the 1,000 pounds will contain 40 pounds of fat. Under ordinary conditions this will make about 44.5 pounds of butter. This at 35 cents per pound is worth $15.57. Add to this the value of 800 pounds of skim milk and 150 pounds of buttermilk, a total of 950 pounds, at 25 cents per hundred weight, equal to $2.37, a total of $17.94 for the 1,000 pounds of milk when made into butter. This gives a balance of $1.67 in favor of making butter, to say nothing of the value of the fertilizer material in the skim milk and the profit in having healthy, rapid-growing calves. This calculation is by Professor Trueman, of Storr's College.

It will readily be seen that the side on which the profit will appear will depend wholly on the prices received for milk and butter. If the milk is sold at the farm at four cents per quart and the butter must be sold at 30 cents per pound, then the margin of profit would amount to $2.88 per thousand pounds of milk, in favor of selling by the quart, provided the milk tests 4 per cent. as in the first case.

Methods in Butter Making.

The ripening of the cream is an important item. It should be kept cool and sweet until enough has been gathered to make a churning—which will take about two or three days. If cream is held longer than two days in hot weather, or three days in cool weather, there is apt to be an old taste to the butter, even when freshly made. When collecting this churning fresh cream should always be thoroughly cooled before being added to the main lot. Never add sweet cream to sour cream. The sour or ripened cream will churn in less time than will sweet cream, and a large amount of fat will thus be lost in the buttermilk. Keep all the cream sweet until a whole churning is gathered.

Bulletin No. 65 of the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station says the ripening process consists of the development in the cream of certain forms of bacteria, known as lactic acid bacilli. These bacteria break up the milk-sugar into lactic acid, giving the characteristic odor and flavor of sour cream. In conjunction with this souring process, certain delicate flavors and odors are produced that add to the value of the butter for most consumers. If the souring process is allowed to go too far unpleasant flavors are developed and the fine quality of the butter is lost. For this reason it is important that the ripening process be carefully controlled.

If the cream becomes old before ripening, even when it is kept sweet, the fat exists in milk in the form of minute globules. In cream these globules are gathered together in enormous numbers, and the process of churning consists of knocking them against each other at a temperature at which they stick together. When enough have stuck together to form granules of fat visible to the eye we say "the butter has come." The best textured butter is made by keeping these granules at such a temperature that they do not run together and become greasy, and yet can be pressed together into firm, even mass.

A Commonplace Complaint.

One of the most common complaints is that the butter will not come. This generally happens in the fall in herds where the cows freshen in the spring or early winter. When fall comes these cows have been milking a long time and are not giving much milk. The character of the milk changes as the lactation period advances. The per cent. of fat and of solids—not fat—increases. This makes the cream more viscous and more inclined to "whip" or to froth up and fill the churn. When this happens and the churn is full of frothy cream, about the only thing to do is to add hot water to warm up the fat and to destroy the viscosity of the cream. Such treatment will not make the best of butter, but it is better than churning all day and finally becoming so discouraged that the whole churning is thrown out.

Sometimes the butter will not come because the cream is too thin. The fat globules are not crowded closely enough together in the milk scum to cause them to stick together when the cream is agitated. Cream should contain over 20 per cent. of fat in order to make it churn easily, and 30 per cent. is better.

Frequently the butter will not come because the cream is too cold. The thermometer should be used and if below 60 degrees F. warm up by adding hot water, or by taking out some of the cream and warming it up and then returning it to the main lot in the churn. Unless the cream is already too thin, hot water added carefully, will generally be found satisfactory. Cream may become too cold from churning in a cold room, especially if a metal or crockery churn is used.

Too thick cream will sometimes stick to the sides of the churn and the latter will not come from lack of concussion. Water or skim milk of the proper temperature may be added to reduce the thickness of the cream.

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HOUSE CATS IN THE WOODS

Fierce Creatures That Trappers Come Across Sometimes.

Fur News.

Several thousand house cat skins enter the raw fur collections each year. In northern sections the winter fur coat is usually acquired by December 1 and is marketable until shedding begins in early spring.

A great many house cats live in the open in a semi-wild way, having their retreat by day, under barns and certain deserted buildings and roaming the fields and woods at night for prey. To these homeless cats may rightly be attributed the depletion of small game instead of laying such toll to skunks, minks, weasles, etc., as is often done.

A mother cat with growing kittens is especially destructive to young rabbits, quail, grouse and other game, while the mink and coon feed more on mice, fish and crayfish and the skunk lives mainly in summer on grubs, beetles, grasshoppers and other insects.

These outdoor cats grow a much better coat of fur than those that are owned and treated as pets and allowed to remain much of the time indoors around the fireplace. Probably there are but few old trappers who have followed land trapping several years without catching an occasional wandering cat.

When left to their own resources they quickly degenerate into savage creatures and change in appearance as well, becoming long and lank in body and limb, and they make long runs before dogs until they take to a tree.

The value of cat fur is small, being usually quoted at from 10 to 25 cents and on rare occasions a beautiful black or maltese brings 30 cents.

HIGH COST OF LIVING

Washington Cor. Houston Post.

This high cost of living problem has penetrated the halls of congress, and when it comes to the solving of problems of domestic economy Congressman J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, has the frugal housewife all to the bad. But Moore has overlooked the beef and the sugar and has joined the Jim Hill decriers of extravagance.

Congressman Moore has completed a list of luxuries apparently deemed essential in this era of rapid living which comes short of being a joke. His statistics show that these luxuries consumed in a single year would complete a chain of canals from Boston to Key West; that the jewelry sold represents more than twice the cost of building the Panama canal and that the nickels annually spent for the pink and brown sizzling soda water are sufficient to complete the inland waterway system for which all Texas is so ardently pining.

According to Moore the boys and girls of the country as well as the adult masticators of chicle spent $25,000,000 last year on chewing gum.

The candy bill in the United States last year reached the astonishing aggregate of $78,000,000.

The soda water bill in this country where it flourishes as in no other in all the world, was the—shall we say cool—sum of $320,000,000.

Senate a Place of Peril.

Washington Times.

The United States Senate is a pathetically good thing for the doctors. Being a Senator is one of the most wearing jobs that a man could ever find. If the truth be told about it the reason so many Senators have died in the last few months is that being a Senator is a deadly occupation.

During the last weeks of the tariff session a census of the Senate was made by two of its members, who reparted that over half its members were regularly under the care of physicians. Bad nerves, bad stomachs, loss of sleep, overwork, close confinement in offices and ill ventilated Senate chamber constituted the basis of the trouble. The average Senator rises to big responsibilities, important committee places, etc., at about the age when other men are laying down the most enormous demands on their time. The burdens grow heavier as the men become less able easily to bear them.

But there will continue to be plenty of comfortably fixed old gentlemen applying for the toga just the same.

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THE B. F. HAGER CO., Dept. W 185 Chicago, Ill.

Playing Cards in Japan.

Consular and Trade Reports.

The market here for playing cards is very limited from the fact that the foreign community in Kobe only amounts to about 1,250 people and the Japanese do not use imported foreign style cards. In the Japanese national card games a totally different style of cards are employed, but they play a game called "trump" in which foreign style cards are employed, but these are almost exclusively of Japanese manufacture on account of their cheapness. They sell for 15 to 20 cents a pack when made of paper and from 30 to 40 cents when made of celluloid, including the internal revenue tax of 10 cents a pack.

The Kobe club is the largest user of cards here, and they import their own cards, specially manufactured for them in England. Other cards imported are mostly English, as this nationality largely predominates here, but there is probably not much more than half a gross packs sold outside the club during a year. They sell at retail from 62 to 75 cents per pack.

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THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1911.

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Mexicans will have to be taught that shooting over the border is out.

Many a man thinks he would quit work if he had the other fellow's luck.

Mexicans don't like us, but their hatred isn't half as painful as the toothache.

The coinage of a two-and-a-half cent piece would mean cheaper campaign cigars.

The world is certainly growing better. Nobody has killed this year's peach crop yet.

Jim Jeffries explains that he is going to Germany for health and pleasure. He has tried Reno.

We haven't heard of anybody in the congregation going to sleep while Billy Sunday was preaching.

A Pennsylvania man filled his pipe with gunpowder, thinking it was tobacco. And then it happened.

Francisco I. Madero has issued an ultimatum. Where did he get the idea that he is the czar of Russia?

It is lawful in Missouri for a man to spank his wife, but it will never become popular as an amusement.

Notwithstanding it is twenty yards long, Queen Mary's coronation train will run in one section only.

When you are right don't argue. Somebody will be sure to get the impression that you are wrong.

A common fly lays 900 eggs a season, it is said. Probably a pure-strain Leghorn fly could do even better.

What has become of the old-fashioned Arctic explorer who used to feed gumdrops to the Eskimos?

President Taft is to be painted. But don't get excited, fellow citizens, the government isn't going to furnish the paint.

Dr. Wiley says there is poison in striped candy. Come to think of it that is the kind grandfather used to buy for us.

"Let us have peace in Mexico," says the Boston Globe. Which sounds much better than a call for a piece of Mexico.

"An Ithaca, N. Y., doctor wishes to have placed in every public school the statue of a perfect man." Married or single?

Speaker Champ Clark feels sure the next President will be a Democrat. Until further notice he will mention no names.

One Texas ranch contains more than a million acres. Wonder if the owner would be willing to trade it for Rhode Island?

Pictures of Gen. Reyes, who is coming over from Paris to consult with President Diaz, do not make him look like a dove of peace.

"Nicholas Longworth is to champion baldheads in a debate." Nick's knowledge of the subject was not obtained second-hand.

"What is your first thought upon awakening in the morning?" asks an exchange. That we'll throw the alarm clock out of the window.

There could be only one reason for nominating J. Pierpont Morgan for President. Andrew Carnegie was born in Scotland and isn't eligible.

"Out west a widow whipped two burglars who attempted to rob her home." The incident ought to bring her at least two hundred marriage proposals.

A Harvard professor says Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard" would be rejected if submitted to the editor of a modern magazine. Of course, its length would be against it at first sight.

A remarkable case of absent mindedness was that of the Nebraska girl who forgot to take her hat off before trying to see how it looked in the back. She dislocated her neck.

Senator Bailey thinks Mr. Bryan should not be in Washington. His presence there does make it appear as if he were reluctant to submit to the will of the majority.

OHIO SECOND IN AUTOMOBILES.

The census report upon the automobile industry, made public recently, shows that the product of 1909 was 40 times larger than that of 1899. There are 316 factories now, compared with 57 ten years ago. The output had a value of $4,748,000 in 1899. At the end of 1909 the annual product was worth $194,722,600, an increase of 4,001 per cent.

One of the most interesting phases of the census of this industry is that which shows the adaptability of the American manufacturer and workman to new conditions. The greatest development has been in those states where the carriage and wagon making industry was centered. Instead of repining over loss of custom, the capitalist of the older industry entered the automobile business. He changed with the times. Also the expert wagonmaker found he was just as skilled at making motor cars. The carriage builder, the painter, the machinist who worked on axles and other metal parts, all of them swung into the new industry, saved themselves from the crushing effect of trade decay and, without doubt, found themselves better off than before.

The statistics show that Ohio is the second most important manufacturer of automobiles, Michigan having a long lead over all the states. In 1909, Indiana turned out more machines than did Ohio, but the valuation figures prove that these were of the cheaper line of vehicles, the value of motor-cars made in Ohio being about $6,000,000 more than those put on the market by Indiana factories. We are second only to Michigan in the manufacture of automobile parts, having made a gain in this line of 400 per cent in the course of five years.

The natural tendency toward specialization is also indicated by the census report. Ten years ago most of the existing plants manufactured from raw materials everything which goes to make up an automobile. By 1909 51 of the 316 establishments turned out cars complete only incidentally to the manufacture of "parts"—which means that few if any of the other factories made a motor car entire as the old Pope plant of Toledo did a few years since. Besides the 316 factories mentioned, there existed in 1909 more than 475 plants devoted exclusively to making "parts." Their product had a value of $55,544,700.

The misgivings of a few years since that the automobile industry would "play out" as did the bicycle industry, appear to have vanished. This, without doubt, was because the automobile has come to have a thousand useful employments besides those of sport and recreation. The car is here to stay.

GREED THAT PROVED OF PUBLIC BENEFIT.

The Oregon & California railroad, now owned and conducted by the Southern Pacific Railway Co., received a government grant of 200,000 acres with the strict proviso that the tract was to be sold to settlers in quarter sections and at a price not to exceed $2.50 per acre.

As settlement grew and price of land soared near the clouds this half million dollar subsidy looked disgustingly small to the railroad owners. The land is now worth, it is estimated, $75,000,000, 150 times as much as the government figured it at the time of the grant. The railroad did not have the heart to let the property go at the price stipulated by congress. It decided not to sell. The other day a federal court in Oregon declared the land forfeited and turned it back to the government.

The people of the United States have to be thankful for that covetous spirit which could not bring itself to surrender millions at a fraction thereof even when nominated in the bond. They are today $75,000,000 better off. But what is the railroad out—$75,000,000 or only $500,000?

ELEVATED TO THE STAGE.

Down in Kentucky a mob took a negro from jail, dragged him to a theatre, tied him to a post and then took comfortable positions in the orchestra pit. At a signal everyone fired to his liking. The dispatch says "the body was riddled with bullets." Why wouldn't it have been where every man could take a seat and leisurely proceed to get his meat?

As lynching gained in popularity in this country it very naturally began to take on ornamentation. Merely yanking a man out of jail and stringing him to a telegraph pole was crude and vulgar and only resorted to in such backward communities as Newark, where the people had had no practice in strangling. To burn a fellow creature alive marked the first impulse toward improvement in lynching. Then came various forms and degrees of torture, providing the graces and finer touches. At last mob murder is elevated to the stage. It is no longer crude and barbaric. It cannot even be termed a science. It is an art, full blown.

Isn't Kentucky proud?

HOW DID MORGAN ESCAPE?

A footnote in the Century "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," reads:

Morgan was confined in the state penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, until November 26th (1863), when he made his escape by tunneling.

This is the history as it is written and accepted. But after forty-seven years doubt is thrown upon it. That which has always been believed to be Morgan's tunnel was uncovered on Wednesday and traced from its beginning to its end. It led from the main building to the chapel. It did not go outside the walls. The tunnel was no more than an air chamber left by the builders. The inference is that Morgan walked out of the gate.

The chronicle of that disastrous raid into Ohio takes on a new and a grim aspect through this discovery. It suggests complicity on the part of guards and perhaps officers of the penitentiary, the preparation of signs of tunneling, a lot of running about, alarms, grave counsels, perhaps trials and dismissals, shams and ruses.

Who knows the truth—after these forty-seven years?

THE SPREADING LORIMER TAINT.

The position of the friends of Lorimer becomes more and more embarrassing. The senators who listened to only so much of the testimony as suited their purpose and those senators they brought to their support discover their names linked fast to a malodorous affair. They are said to be bringing pressure upon the tainted senator from Illinois to persuade him to resign, urging him to do for them that which they were so foolish or so luckless as to do for him.

But it is doubtful now if the Lorimer adherents will gain any relief in case Lorimer does give way to the pressure and depart from Washington. Recent developments have shown sinister connection between the forces which brought about Lorimer's corrupt election and his apologists in congress. One of the disclosure is the fact that the eight Democratic senators who voted for the retention of Lorimer had, during the tariff session, broken their platform pledge and voted for the maintenance of duties upon lumber. And it was Edward Hines, president of the National Lumber Manufacturers' association, who collected, it is charged, the $100 000 bribery fund with which Lorimer's election was bought. It would appear that the lumber interests which could persuade senators to violate their word could also compel them to smudge themselves with the Lorimer soot.

Should the senate review its action upon Lorimer and eject him, it will not have freed itself from slime. The deeper, blacker mud of Big Business will stick.

PESTS ON IMPORTED PLANTS.

Duck creek, on the northeast border of Toledo, and the slough at Presque Isle, contain a form of animal life entirely foreign to America. In all probability it came here with potted plants imported from Belgium or Holland, got into the drainage from some greenhouse, found the environment favorable and multiplied. These small creatures are not in the least harmful, though an earlier immigrant found associated with it has clogged the intake pipes at Erie at the east end of the lake and may, some day, make trouble of the sort at the local water plant.

But the appearance of this European invertebrate here shows how easily very dangerous species may be brought to this country. The San Jose scale came with imported fruit trees. The gipsy moths, which have done millions of dollars of damage in New England, are supposed to be descendants of a moth brought in for scientific observation and allowed to escape. But that it may come in with nursery stock many times over is shown by Mr. C. L. Marlatt, author of a recently published bulletin of the department of agriculture. He has found that thousands of the larvae of the brown-tail moth have been imported with fruit trees in the last two or more years. Moreover, they are likely to continue to come, for the inspection laws have been found inadequate to deal with the pests.

The balance of nature has been upset hundreds of times by man in America. As birds were killed insects flourished. As predatory animals were driven out, small rodents, a thousand times more harmful, have borne enormous families fairly certain of long and well-fed lives. The enemies of the imported moths were left behind and now appropriations are asked of state and federal governments to fight the pests. The careless nurseryman has no conception of the harm he can do. The importer of beautiful flowers, if he feels it not worth his trouble to destroy an egg-mass, or a caterpillar which meets his eye, may bankrupt an agricultural district.

KINETESCOPE AS A DETECTIVE

An enterprising moving picture manufacturer of Paris dispatched a corps of photographers to the scene of the champagne riots. Fine films were obtained, largely because the rioters enjoyed posing before the cameras and furnishing action which, if not real, looked just as good as the real when caught by the undiscriminating gelatine.

After the army and the gendarmerie had quelled the disturbances there was great confusion of evidence. Persons arrested denied with indignation that they had been concerned in the riots at all, that they had been anywhere near it, that they knew it was going on before they read of it in the newspapers. The public prosecutor at Reims was exceedingly puzzled. Out of the deluge of swearing he couldn't make a case. Then he heard of the moving pictures. He caused them to be displayed in court. Not only did he gain the facts he sought about actual rioters, but he obtained evidence against those who merely "cut up" for the benefit of the photographers.

The lesson will not be lost on the shrewd American detective—particularly the private detective. No "operative" can now afford to fare forth unequipped with a moving picture machine. And if one fails to involve the real criminals, evidence will be secured against enough village comedians to make out a case and assure the collection of the reward.

THE DYNAMITE CASE.

From the day that the Los Angeles Times was blown up the mass of the American people have desired only truth and justice in dealing with that great crime. Their attitude has not changed. They still want truth, all the truth, regardless of consequences. They still demand that justice be done—fearless, unflinching justice, no matter whom or what it may hit.

The public has not convicted anyone in advance. It will not do so. The general disposition will be to wait for a fair trial. The country will judge the case on its merits, on the sworn evidence, no matter what extreme and one-sided views may be taken and noisily proclaimed by bitter partisans.

Another thing which the American people will do is to keep in mind the vital truth that the principle of trades unionism is in no sense on trial. Whatever facts may develop, the place and work of labor organizations will remain secure. They have been on trial a long time in many countries. The judgment of the world is in their favor. They are not in danger of a reversal of that verdict of the age.

In the Los Angeles case individuals, or a group of individuals, stand accused of a monstrous crime. They may be guilty and their guilt may involve others associated with them in the councils and business of a powerful organization, but if that is so it cannot affect the general principles and usefulness of trade unions.

Of all the men in America those who most desire to see any and all labor organizations absolutely clean and blameless are the best friends of unions and unionism.

A WANING ART.

The power of an interurban line came to a sudden stop just as one of the cars was driving through a patch of woods at twilight. There was nothing for the passengers to do but grumble; no reading, for there was no light; no stumbling about, for that was dangerous. It was miles to a station.

As the hum of complaining took on force and depth, a man speaking in a tone above natural, began telling a story. It was such a tale as one reads in a popular magazine and forthwith forgets, but coming out of the darkness, told clearly, dramatically, without pause and waste of time over inconsequential details, it interested and thrilled. Not "with the glittering eye" did this storyteller hold his audience, as did the Ancient Mariner, but with true art. Gone was worry over lost connections. Gone the irritation over the weary wait, the hunger and the breaking of routine and plans. The 20 or more men and women were bound with the same enchantment which was practiced in the day of Ung, the cave man, brought to high perfection in the shade of Lebanon cedars, woven by ragged professionals about Saharan campfires, made the ceremonial carrier of history and tradition upon the walls of Zuni.

It is a waning art—this gift of story telling. Fewer possess it today than in our father's time. As people read more, as they pay less attention to and put less weight upon the spoken word, story telling loses in its ability to hold and control. To find it now—except by chance as in that inert trolley car—one must go into the fo'c'sles of deep-sea vessels or catch an oldtime lumber jack between the first drink and total inebriation.

SOCIALISTS AND MILITARY SERVICE.

Victor Berger, the Socialist member of congress from Wisconsin, has presented a petition signed by 88,000 persons protesting against the massing of troops upon the Mexican border and praying for their immediate withdrawal.

The Socialists of America have carried their abhorrence of war so far that they are quite willing to behold the disbandment of the army and navy, in spite of any misgivings most of the country has as to what advantage foreign nations might take of the situation. They appear also to be oblivious to the example of socialization which modern military service provides and how absolutely at variance it is to the doctrine of individualism against which the Socialists make their main contention. "It is mere want of intellectual grasp," says the most brilliant of English Socialists, "that has made a few working-class Socialists in England and France oppose military service. Universal military service, given the need of it, is innate in the Socialist idea, just as it is blankly antagonistic to the 'private industrial' ideas of Eighteenth Century Liberalism."

It is not without significance that the Socialist cause has prospered most in France and Germany, where every able-bodied man must serve for a period in the army or navy. If military training teaches nothing else, it does teach the sacrifice of self to the greatest number, the frank suppression of individual impulse and desire. It is this feeling which the Socialists wish most heartily to get fixed in the hearts and minds of humanity.

A SOCIALIST PRE-EMPTION.

And there shall be no more poorhouses.—From a Socialist's speech.

Stuffed with a thousand errors in reasoning, contradictions and pompous airs of half-baked intellectuality, wildly assertive and unbridled of speech, the cause of Socialism yet makes a very practical business of holding out hope. Through the fibre of illogical discourse runs a thread of human appeal. The burden of its speech is the cruelty of all others than Socialists, the oppression and selfishness and criminality of everyone save those who have seen the "light" of Socialism and paid their obeisance. But the chromo of a better world is never wanting.

There is a great lesson for non-Socialists in the way in which the politics of Socialism is set forth. Throughout all the earth there is genuine endeavor to better things. There are men who devote their lives to the study of the ways and habits, the sins and virtues, of humanity and they go deeper and bring forth more wonderful and more exact knowledge than ever men produced before. We know—we all of us know that progress is made. The earth does become a better abiding place. Evils are conquered, even if slowly and haltingly. And this progress is not Socialism and not because of its shouting and beating of breast. But the Socialists have been so canny as to promise. They have pointed out the star of hope and claimed it as their own discovery and property.

It is time that the searchers, the leaders, those who are truly serving, swerve a little from the rigid program each of them has fixed for himself, and give what hearts ache for, what hearts have the most capacity for—Hope.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A woman traveling upon a transcontinental train left her sleeping baby upon a seat and went into the next car to talk with a friend. When she returned her own car was gone, having been attached to a limited train at Omaha and now a half-hour gone.

When the local railroad officers heard of it, they leaped into action. A special train was made up and sent speeding after the limited. Across the prairies of Nebraska it sped, stopping nowhere, turning out for nothing, scarcely wasting a pound of steam for signaling, whirling through towns, violating law, turning schedules upside-down and disorganizing the routine of transportation like a spring freshet. The express was overtaken half a state away, 150 miles west of Omaha. The babe was still sleeping. The railroad officers told the mother there would be no charge.

What is the business of a soulless corporation worth when a touch of nature quickens the hearts of men?

RELICS OF AN OLDER SOCIETY.

The American toll road was a rather curious product of an individualistic state of society. The people of a community that could not bring itself to construction and maintenance by united action could yet pay the costs over and over again in tolls and, in the end, still hold no ownership in the property. In many cases toll roads were built because the people who were to use them were too poor, or thought themselves too poor, to undertake work of the kind, but in other instances the public mind was opposed to it as an interference with individual enterprise.

A note in the Municipal Journal and Engineer tells of the passing of the Hagerstown and Conococheague turnpike into the possession of the state of Maryland at a price of $22,500. How many times the farmers, the travelers, and the pleasure seekers paid for that road is probably beyond calculation. If private ownership saved the taxpayers money they couldn't tell where. If they have felt any less responsibility because of it, or those of them who are living will feel any more now, no one could say.

The line between proper private enterprise and public ownership is one drawn, for the most part by political factors. A public utility which cannot sway political action, influence votes and build up political machines, is one calling for the collective enterprise of society. A public utility which does have this political effect is dangerous and is to be avoided as we avoid any more tangible menace to freedom.

Sunday School

A GERAT MAN WHO WENT TOO FAR

International Sunday School Lesson for May 7 Is "Ussiah, King of Judah, Humbled." II. Chronicles 26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

All virtues have their corresponding defects; and this is the familiar story of a strong man who forgot that there were bounds beyond which he could not with propriety go. There are limits to the rights and authority of even kings, as a certain European ruler was taught a few months ago. No man can be so popular or so powerful that he can disregard the restraints and traditions which the inherits. The story of King Uzziah is good reading for all public officials, for all the rich and powerful, and for all who think themselves exceptional and entitled to special privilege, as well as for us who are of the common people.

Success turned Uzziah's head, as it is turning the heads of lesser persons every day. He forgot what was owing to those who had gone before him, as well as to the One who was above him. In truth, much of Uzziah's success was inherited; and he also was heir to an example that should have made him humble. For his father, King Amaziah, had been a great ruler, who had ended a glorious career by a great fall, due to pride. The boastfulness of the oriental monarchs of those days seems to have known no limit. I have seen the inscriptions at Babylon and Asshur, the old capital of Assyria, and they are incredibly boastful. There seemed to be no sense of the seemliness of modesty among rulers. One reads the records in vain for even the equivalent of "Tread softly, and carry a big stick." The big stick was never out of hand, but there was no thought of the impropriety of vainglorlousness. We have at least gone forward a bit in our standards of ethics—though perhaps to say so is boastfulness; for "you can't be humble and know it."

The Inheritance of a Conqueror.

Many lesser kings are better known that Amaziah, the father of the ruler about whom we study in the present lesson. I first took off my hat to him at Petra, the wonderful rock city of Arabia, at the foot of Mt. Hor; a spot so inaccessible that only a few score or a few hundred, at most, of living white men have seen it. Even with the use of the Mecca railway for the greater part of the distance, it took me ten days to get to it from Jerusalem, and back again. This marvellous ruin, of a city cut from the living rock, is probably the most impregnable in all history. Inaccessible mountains begirt it on every side, and the one practicable entrance is a gorge three or four hundred feet deep, and sometimes less than fifty feet wide. Yet Amaziah took this city of Petra, or Sela, as it is called in the Book of Kings. Nobody who has looked upon Petra can have other than a profound respect for the army that could conquer it. Judah was no trifling tribe of pastoral people in the days of which we are now studying. Indeed, we read that Amaziah's army of his own people numbered more than three hundred thousand men. Let the boys and girls who are studying this lesson get some idea of the magnitude of the kingdom of Judah at this time, stretching, as it did, clear down to Egypt.

Better than anywhere else in the world, one may see the heathen "high places," about which we read in the Old Testament, at Petra. I do not hesitate to confess to their dignity, solemnity and majesty. It is understandable that they should make an impression upon the mind of the conqueror of Sela. And thus it was that Amaziah fell; he borrowed the idolatry of Edom. The eagerness for the latest foreign styles, which may be seen today on the fashionable promenades of the great cities, and in the remote villages of Asia, was his undoing. His pride and his idolatry were punished by seeing his capital sacked by the king of Israel, whom he had boastingly challenged to battle.

A Young Man's Chance.

It is no new fashion for young men to rise up to the measure of great responsibilities put early upon them. The modern danger is that young people are kept too long from the realities of life. It is scarcely fair to a young man to keep him under tuition until h ehas gone long past his majority without ever having earned a dollar. Although only a lad of sixteen when called to the throne of Judah, Uzziah proved that he had the true king stuff in him. Incidentally, it is plain that his father had brought to the fore a group of great men to be advisers and administrators. During the fifty-two years of his reign he maintained what his father had won, even renewing the war with the Nabateans of Edom, and fortifying the boundary of the kingdom towards Egypt. He did more; he enlarged the territory and prosperity of the land which he had inherited. The country or business house or patient that is merely "holding its own," is in a rather serious condition. The boy who is not an improvement upon his father is not altogether a success. If progress is the law of life, then each generation must do better than the last.

A better possession bequeathed to Uzziah than the impregnable rock city to the south, was a wise counsellor, in the person of Zechariah. A friend is the best fortune. The young man who has as intimate an older man who has looked deep into life is better off than the one who has inherited a million. Of this Zechariah we have only this record in the Bible: he had "understanding in the visions of God." What a biography! That meant that he was wise with the highest wisdom. He knew the best philosophy that this world or the next can impart. In all measured carefulness it may be said that the finest equipment for life is the possession of that quality best described by that oft-misused term, "spirituality." Let intimacy with God be real to a young person, and he has the nearest approach to the philosopher's stone that may be found in this world. Without a keen religious sense a person is without the highest of all possible human qualities.

The Soldier-Farmer King.

The difference between Moslems and Christians—speaking broadly of them as types of civilization—is that the Christian is a builder and the Moslem is a waster. Civilization has deteriorated, rather than advanced, wherever the followers of the Prophet have held sway. The same classification holds good concerning individuals. Some persons are pullers-down, and some are builders-up. To the glory of Uzziah it must be recorded that he improved upon his inheritance. He took what he had got from his father and made it better. As behooved a military monarch, he made the army better. He not only organized his citizen soldiery, but he also equipped it with the latest and the best weapons. Under his wise stimulus, the science of war was promoted, and he put into use a new catapult invented by one of his own people.

That was good, but he did still better. Then, as now, militarism spelt hardship for the people. No nation can live by the building of dreadnoughts. The productive arts must be given first place. And this Uzziah did. He is written in his history this tribute, which must be remembered along with the tale of his presumptuous sin, "He loved husbandry." Nobody can at heart be a very bad man who loves the kindly earth and its pleasant fruits. We do not read that Uzziah loved war; he had to be diligent in it, of course; but his own passion was for the field newly tilled, or blooming with a harvest of golden grain, and the trailing vines of the purple grapes.

He doubtless cared for the spectacle of a well drilled army, but he also liked to watch the peaceful procession of maidens to the wells at evening and morning. So we read that he was a well-digger; no mere inheritor of other men's labors he. In the East, to this day, people use the old wells, which have been doing service for centuries. They do not think of digging new ones for themselves, in more convenient locations. Similarly, people would rather quarry the bricks and stones of ruined cities than make their own; the city of Samaria, along the Tigris, is entirely built of the ruins of the city established by Haroun er Hashid's son.

Towers of defense in the desert, for the shepherds, Uzziah also built—just such towers of mud brick are today the outstanding feature of the landscape of lower Mesopotamia. Real concern for the vital interests of his people cannot be denied to this ruler.

The Things of Which We Are Proud.

If the angels have any sense of humor, they must find this passing show of human life greatly diverting. Consider the strutting and posing and boasting, all for no justifiable reason. The people who are proud because of their wealth, not a dollar of which they ever earned for themselves—how amusing are they; even more so than the new-rich who have made their own fortunes, and so have that warrant for pride, at least. Or consider the multitudes who consider themselves better than the common run of us because some long-dead ancestor was distinguished. See the mad scramble to join the Daughters of this, and the Sons of that. Or consider the foolish women who regard the possession of mere physical beauty as setting them apart from and above their sisters, and entitled to special consideration. If beauty itself confers rights, what about the queenly and beautiful Kurdish woman whom I saw the other day, staggering along with a huge burden on her back which no American stevedore would think of carrying? Or of that other girl, with classical features, who was carrying water for a whole khan full of horses and cattle?

Quite in a catagory with all this is the pride which we detect in Uzziah. The record runs that "He was marvelously helped, till he was strong." So it was not of Uzziah's merit that his success was achieved. He had no right to be proud. All he was and had done he owed to others, but especially to the divine enabling. As the revisers have rendered several passages in the New Testament from the active to the passive tense, we are to be "strengthened," rather than "strong." Every success is fundamentally "the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

More than the divine interposition is to be reckoned with. The king was helped by other people. Let it not be thought that all these reforms were the deeds of a sixteen-year-old boy. It is customary for public officials to take all the credit of the work of their subordinates; and if you will look behind the scenes at Washington and Ottawa and London a multitude of unknown and unpraised workers will be found, doing the real work of government. Of everybody who ever accomplished anything it may be written, as of Uzziah, "He was marvelously helped!" Into his achievements went the love and life and labor of a mother, a father, a teacher, a pastor, a friend. Every great life is not one life, but an aggregation of lives. So all of us should walk humbly.

When Priest Faced King.

Perhaps the courtiers had turned Uzziah's head; probably his own religious life had grown lax, so that he was no longer sensitive to finer values; but whatever the cause, the King became inflated with pride, and dared to exceed even the liberties allowed to an oriental monarch. It may be that he wanted to follow the fashion of the neighboring kings of Egypt and Assyria, who exercised priestly functions. Whatever the cause, he trespassed into the inner court of the Temple of Jehovah, and tried to offer up incense, which was the peculiar office of the priest. It was sacrilege, but Uzziah held that "The king can do no wrong," a proverb which never has been true.

Fortunately, the nation was rich in that highest form of wealth, men of moral courage. By a good providence, there was not a sychophant in the high priesthood, but a man who knew his office to be higher than the king's, and who would not sell his birthright to rebuke sin for any craven consideration of personal welfare. Such men are a better form of wealth and safety than any number of battleships and armies. A nation is decadent in a vital spot when its ministers of truth become flatterers and time-servers. Most of them are not such; today, as in this long ago of Israel, the ministers of God are loyal to their high office. In this instance, the high priest and his associates met the emergency instantly and faced the king in his deed of impiety. Consider the splendid story: "And they withstood Uzziah the king, and said unto him, It pertaineth not unto thee, Uzziah, to burn incense unto the Lord, but to the priests, the sons of Aaron, that are consecrated to burn incense; go out of the sanctuary; for thou hast trespassed; neither shall it be for thine honor from the Lord God."

Of course the king was angry. His dignity was offended. But he was neither the first nor the last to grow wroth with the ministers of the Most High for speaking the unwelcome truth, and vindicating their office. He might have remembered some episodes in the history of his own nation, and been wary of offending presumptuously in the things that concerned the honor of God. But even in the act of sinning vengeance overtook him, and he was smitten with leprosy, so that the priests who tried to thrust him out for sacrilege were obliged to remove him for pollution.

One cannot read sacred history, nor even observe his own time closely, without perceiving that God is solicitous for the honor of his church and his anointed. More than one congregation has come to grief because it had done wrong to its minister. And not a few of the great ones of earth have lived like Uzziah, who undid in one hour the glory of a reign of fifty-two years, lived to repent the day when they sinned presumptuously with respect to the honor of Jehovah.

Kentuckian Discovers Cave of Snakes

Greensburg Record.

About a month ago T. F. Lane of Metcalfe county was ploughing corn ground when one of his mules suddenly dropped one of his hind legs into a hole.

He went back to examine the hole and found it to be about 10 feet deep and in the shape of a cistern. On the bottom was a mound upon which was a ball of large snakes the size of a washtub, and the inner part of the hole seemed lined wtih snakes, all astir. There were three kinds, black, cowsnake and garterspake. He called Vernon Goodwin and George Nun to witness it. They secured a hook and hooked out 23 large ones and the others went into a cave.

Hen Destroys Freak Chicken.

Alton corr. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Alton hen mothers are not going to permit any infraction of nature's laws in their families, even if it requires Spartan courage, as was testified by the act of a hen which yesterday killed one of her offspring because it was hatched with three legs.

Edward Kern is preserving the chick, which he will have stuffed. It had eight toes on its three legs, one of which grew out of a leg at the joint.

The appearance of the fluffy little monstrosity so enraged its mother that she set upon it and killed it almost as soon as it emerged from its shell.

Varieties

Ninetey-seven American manufacturers have agencies in Madrid.

A Belgian company is building a $1,000,000 hotel in Madrid.

Tokio, Japan, intends to spend nearly $16,000,000 on drainage works.

Bananas and potatoes are very much alike in chemical composition.

A goat lives about 10 years and will give about a quart of milk a day.

The United Kingdom has about 2,500 newspapers.

A large Hamburg restaurant is housed in a building of compressed paper.

Frederick Upham Adams, the novelist, is the inventor of several electric light devices.

The present system of British telegraphy all over the world embraces 1,111,356 miles of wire.

Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, was warden of the Alabama state penitentiary for four years.

Southern France sends out each year 1,000,000 post parcel packages of cut flowers to the value of $7,720,000.

One of the newest electrical office devices is a machine which will seal, stamp and keep a record of 150 letters a minute.

The German mercantile marine is, to a considerable extent engaged in a carrying trade which is entirely non-German.

The ramming of paving stones is done now with a pneumatic tamper, doing the work of the human rammer in much less time.

American now lead in the number of tourists in Europe during the summer. The Englishmen formerly held this distinction.

Congested conditions of a great city add to the mortality. The coroners report 2,483 deaths from violence in New York last year.

President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico is three-fourths Spanish and one-fourth Indian blood He was educated for the priesthood.

A small brass foundry in an East Side, New York, basement has this sign on the front door: "Russian Antiques Manufactured Here."

Japan is increasing its imports of Australian wool and frozen meats. The people are rapidly adopting western clothing and a meat diet.

Hamilton Busbey, the famous authority on the trotting horse, was a war correspondent for the Louisville Democrat during the civil war.

There are 28 pounds of blood in the body as an average grown-up person, and at each pulsation the heart moves 10 pounds.

Seventeen kinds of sharks inhabit the seas of the far east, the basking shark of the Indian ocean frequently attaining a length of 50 feet.

Physicians battling with the plague in Manchuria protect themselves with rubber coat, gloves and helmet, the latter soaked in iodoform.

A populer vote on the question: "Are you in favor of the death penalty?" conducted by a Parisian paper, resulted three to one in favor of "yes."

A new town near Galveston, Texas, is to be built entirely of concrete houses, molded on the spot by the use of steel forms, constructed in sections.

Mithradates, great ruler of Pontus, gradually hardened himself against every known poison by taking tiny doses; that no poison could catch him napping.

The Japanese government proposes the construction of various narrow-gauge railways in rural districts with an aggregate length of approximately 150 miles.

Munich has a museum in which the development of illumination from the pine splinter of centuries ago to the most modern electrical devices may be studied.

When F. Durham was playing on the Warren golf links at Woodham Walter, Essex, England, recently, he drove a ball which killed a skylark 200 yards away.

A wave power motor that a Californian recently patented utilizes the horizontal motion of the water instead of the vertical, as usually is the case in such machines.

At Ballarat, Australia, has been found a nugget of gold weighing a little less than 30 pounds, and experts say it will turn out at least 15 pounds of pure gold.

In the interest of a "sane" Fourth of July a Chicagoan has invented an instrument to produce noise by bursting paper between the mouth of a rubber bulb and a perforated handle.

The upper side of a dirigible balloon built for the British navy has been coated with aluminum dust to reflect the sun's rays and lessen the effect of their heat on the gas it contains.

A clock in St. Petersburg has 95 faces indicating esimultaneously the time at 30 different spots on the earth's surface, besides the movements of the earth and planets.

William O'Connell Bradley, senator from Kentucky, ran away from home twice at the age of 14 to enlist in the Union army, but both times was taken home and spanked by his father.

A. C. Fox-Davies, the English writer of detective stories, was led to take up fiction because his legal training forced him to reject the evidence deduced by Sir A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.

Lanterns to project advertising signs upon pavements so that he who walks is forced to read now are made with electric lamps sufficiently powerful to operate effectively in the best lighted streets.

There are 1,000 churches in the state of Washington and 1,500 saloons. However, the number of the churches is on the increase, while 345 saloons have been abolished within the last two years.

Fish from Lake Winnipeg are now sent down south as far as Maryland. Most of them are not whitefish, but cheaper grades. The fishing industry of Manitoba is now second only to wheat as a commercial asset.

It is estimated that in the province of Buenos Ayres and in the territory of the Pampa Central, Argentine, the loss of sheep from the effect of the drought will exceed 8,000,000 head, or about 20 per cent of the flocks.

A French scientist has combined the moving picture camera and X-ray apparatus into an instrument by which the processes of internal organs may be studied, and has given it the name of bioroentgenograph.

Miss Florence Taylor Ward, of New York, whose father was a pioneer diamond miner in South Africa, has had one of the family jewels—a diamond weighing nearly three-quarters of a karat—set in one of her front teeth.

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own home—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. As I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

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I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, STOP-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Lux Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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SAY M'MANIGAL TOLD OF PLOTS

Los Angeles, Cal., April 28.—For more than three hours yesterday afternoon Ortie McManigal, according to attorneys for the prosecution, sat in a comfortable chair in District Attorney Frederick's office and betrayed his companions, J. J. McNamara and the latter's brother, J. B. McNamara, charged with dynamiting. This was announced last night by the prosecution. This confession is denied in many quarters.

McManigal is declared to have confessed to fifteen jobs," either with others or by himself, the wrecking of the Pickands-Mather ore conveyer at North Randall, O., near Cleveland, being one of the fifteen. While he talked Judge Hilton, the attorney for the accused, was receiving delegations of newspaper men from all over the country and assuring them that McManigal had not confessed, would not confess. He declared any statement to the contrary was a "fabric of lies manufactured out of whole cloth and published by the foes of union labor."

Woman Identifies McNamara.

Shortly after McManigal was taken into the district attorney's office, James B. McNamara was identified as "James Bryce" by Mrs. M. H. Ingersoll. It was the second attempt on the part of the woman to identify McNamara as the man who had lived at her lodging house in San Francisco and who is accused of having purchased the dynamite used to wreck the Los Angeles Times building.

"What do you think they will do to me if I turn state's evidence?" is the question with which McManigal opened his alleged negotiations with Under Sheriff Brain.

"Is that what you are planning to do?" Brain replied.

Wanted to Tell.

"Yes," answered McManigal, "I want to tell the whole truth at once, about this business. What will they do to me if I tell?"

"I cannot tell you anything about that," Brain is reported to have replied. "It is not up to me. Better confess through and through and be done with it. It will probably help your case."

"That's the way I have it figured out," McManigal answered, and then remained quiet.

"They wanted me to squeal this morning, but I refused," he continued. "They did not get the real goods in Chicago—but I'll give it to you now if you'll go along with me."

Brain called the jailer and together they escorted the prisoner to the office.

Denies Times "Job."

McManigal began repeating his declaration that he had nothing to do with the Times "job."

"That was pulled off while I was in the East," he said, "and I was never even told about it until after I met McNamara in Indianapolis, ten days after the explosion. Both the brothers were desperate. From all that I could gather from their talk to me J. B. McNamara had made a slip. He forgot that a morning newspaper office never is empty when he set the time for the explosion and they were pretty much jolted up over the death list."

McManigal was then questioned as to how he placed the bomb that wrecked the Llewellyn Iron Works and he went into detail on this disaster on Christmas morning. Later on, in giving the plans of his associates, he declared they proposed to wreck the famous Los Angeles aqueduct, and that various other explosions had been planned for Los Angeles, after the general strike which it is proposed to call for May 1.

He repeated his statement that he was paid $200 and all his expenses for each of his jobs, and gave details of how he had pulled off several explosions in the east. The Burns detective agency asserts the McManigal confession clinches the case.

No Confession, Says Hilton.

On the other hand Judge O. N. Hilton, after a talk with the prisoners earlier left the jail, declaring that McManigal had made the following statement to him:

"You tell 'em that I never made a confession and have never had anything to confess about this case. I can't understand how the papers have a right to print such things and get away with it. I did not confess to Detective Burns in Chicago or anywhere else. In fact I can't make it positive enough. I did not confess."

"I have McManigal's unqualified statement," said Judge Hilton in giving out the above, "made to me in the presence of witnesses, and anything that purports to be a confession by him is a fake pure and simple.'

Asked regarding the identification of James McNamara by Mrs. Ingersoll in the county jail this morning, Judge Hilton said: "Jim McNamara told me that he had seen Mrs. Ingersoll in the jail for the first time in his life, and insisted that she had not identified him as James B. Bryce in his presence."

CHINESE REBELS BURN PALACE

Riots in Canton Led by Men Armed With Bombs.

Hong Kong, China, April 28.—Only official messages are being received today from Canton, where a revolutionary outbreak occurred last night. These are of a disquieting character. The revolutionists have obtained a quantity of explosives and the government has asked the steamship companies plying to that city to suspend their service lest arms be smuggled in to the disturbers who are still at large. Many of the leaders have been imprisoned.

The fighting between the troops and the rioters last night began when the soldiers arrested a revolutionary leader. His followers, corrying revolvers and wearing badges, boldly proclaiming their purpose, surrounded the viceroy's palace and, after setting it afire, interfered with the efforts of others to extinguish the flames.

The revolutionaries were armed with rifles and bombs and fought desperately. Several were killed and many arrested.

ACTRESS SUES THE KAISER

Gets Judgment Against Theatre Owned by Ruler.

Berlin, April 27.—Here's one on the kaiser:

Two actresses got into a row at his theatre in Wiesbaden some time ago. One of them, named Heltzloehl, was discharged because of the trouble and has since been out of employment. She brought suit against the kaiser and a court yesterday gave judgment in her favor, condemning the emperor to repay her the amount she lost while out of employment.

The kaiser is nettled at the verdict.

POMPEIANS KNEW A TRICK OR TWO ABOUT PAINTING

Rome, April 21.—That the ancient Romans were far finer painters than the modern world had ever supposed is revealed by excavations in a splendid 20-room palace on the outskirts of Pompeii. In several of the rooms decorative fresco paintings were found which rival those at Antwerp and Brussels.

The Pompeian artist imitated architectural features with consummate skill, producing the precise effect of perspective.

In one of these, two Ionic columns with their bases supported upon a projecting ledge at the foot of a wall appear, even in photographs of the fresco, absolutely as if standing quite detached from the surface behind them. There is a painting of a double door, the upper third of which is occupied by a "grille," the interstices of which are shaded so as to appear as true perforation.

The design of these doors, it is pointed out by Dr. Breccia, of Alexandria, are almost identical with the actual portals of an ancient tomb discovered by him at Chattey, near Ramleh, in Egypt. Much of the ornamental silverware from the Bosco Reale villa, not far from Pompeii, is in the Alexandrian style of decoration.

Of the frescos, one of the most beautiful shows two Bacchantes in gauzy drapery. Other tableaux show Bacchus and Silenus attended by satyrs. Another fresco represents a princess, whose statue rests upon a marble block. The four recessed sides are carved in relief, and they so appear in the fresco. The statue is shown as it standing in a Pompeian room, close up against the decorated wall. There is a pretty fresco of a youthful dancing fawn that looks as if carved in the wall.

Art Mark in Tableaux.

In the mansion were discovered a series of nine tableaux. One of the scenes represents a family — father, mother and son. The son is reading from a scroll. A domestic is bearing away in a patera, toward a priestess, a crown of olives. The priestess is making a libation. One of the tableaux shows female hierophants being initiated, by flagellation, into the Dionysian mysteries.

Another of the paintings is of a beautiful woman stripped to the waist. Her robes indicate wealth. She is stooping to receive the stripes and her head is bowed upon the knee of a woman friend, who while caressing the head with one hand gazes almost in terror at the descending blow. Close by another female dances as a Bacchante and plays the castanets. Her back is to the observer.

A remarkable series of ancient Etruscan tombs, with false entrances, has been discovered a dozen miles or so from Viterbo, where the Camorrist, trials are now in progress. The tombs are near the town of Norchia, in one of the wildest and most romantically beautiful parts of Italy. The tombs are on the side of a tongue of land jutting out between two ravines. Two adjoining tombs have carved figures in high relief.

Old Tombs Are Rock Hewn.

The ancient sewers, 6 feet in diameter, still show in the rock. On top of the tongue of land there was a citadel many centuries ago. The necropolis contains every kind of rock-hewn tomb. There are the vestibule and sepulchral chamber type, with carved couches; simple chamber tombs, with entrances below the false doors; plain pediments or pediments cut from the solid rock in the shape of enormous sarcophagi, with the entrances from above, and circular pit tombs, covered at the tops with pyramidal masses of masonry.

The Etruscan legends can still be seen cut in the rock. On one of the tombs there is depicted a hunting scene, where a hound is chasing a stag. Among the tombs are beautiful examples of Etruscan stairways, some of them containing a hundred steps.

One of the tombs has 12 chambers. There is an entrance chamber, then a ring of six chambers, inside this a ring of four chambers and, in the very center, a single room. The chambers have doors which connect the rings. The roofs are decorated with varied mouldings and with Egyptian geometrical designs in red, green and blue.

WOMEN NEAR SAVAGES

Harvard Man Calls Them More Primitive, but More Enduring Than Men.

Boston, April 28.—That woman is a lower order of being than man, and that she has not developed as rapidly from the barbaric state as man, is asserted by Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, head of the department of physical culture at Harvard, director of the Sargent gymnasium for women, in Cambridge, and well known as a writer upon subjects pertaining to women's development.

"Woman is nearer the savage state than man," says Dr. Sargent. "Her development is more primitive than man's, just as the Indian is more primitive than the white man.

"Women being biologically more of a barbarian than man, she has a greater proportion of physical endurance. She can undergo many strains that a man cannot.

"Women accumulate energy, while men expend it. Women have been developing their muscles while men have been developing their brains.

"She is nearer to nature. She is a lower type of organism. But when it comes to a case of withstanding cold, or hunger, or thirst, or any physical privation of this sort, a woman can outlast a man in nine cases out of ten.

"It is foolish to go on the principle, therefore, that women must be kept from all labor and all exercise and be taken care of as though they were pets. They should do everything possible, obviously, to preserve the closeness to nature of which I have been speaking. It is more necessary for the good of the race for women to look after their physical well-being than it is for men."

CITY'S PLAGUE UP TO A CAT

Buffalo Executes Tom After Doctors Prove He Spread Diphtheria.

Buffalo, April 27.—The whole machinery of the Health and Police Departments of this city was required to bring about the official execution of an eight-pound Tom cat which is believed to have been the cause of a serious epidemic of diphtheria among the children of the Front avenue section.

When the children became ill and before their cases had been diagnosed the cat was sent to the home of a friend. The disease also broke out there.

An inspector from the Health Department arrested the cat with the assistance of the police, and a culture was taken from Tommy's throat. Yesterday City Bacteriologist Bissell reported that the animal had diphtheria and health inspectors and a policeman were ordered to carry out the decree of execution.

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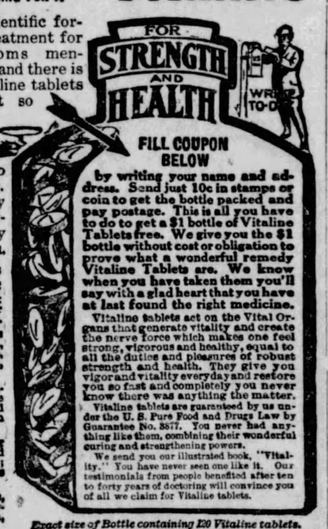

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HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

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GET ALL BUT WHAT'S WANTED

Senate Insurgents Claim They've Been Unfairly Treated.

Washington, April 27.—Yielding the shadow but clinging to the substance the senate reactionaries have refused the final demand of the progressive senators for fair representation on committees.

The recationaries were ready to give the progressives everything except what they desired, and to put them in every place where the result would be a misfit.

La Follette, for example, could have appropriations, which he didn't want, but not a place on interstate commerce, for which he is especially adapted. That place went to Lippitt, of Rhode Island. Cummins could have foreign relations, on which committee there are no insurgents and he will be out-voted, but he could not get on judiciary or finance, for which he is especially fitted.

Cummins' tariff views did not suit the reactionaries, and Heyburn, whose only expressed objection to the Payne-Aldrich bill was that the rates were not high enough, was put on.

Bristow was denied service on the foreign relations because he threatened the bill for the Honduras treaty and other features of the "dollar diplomacy," but he was conceded a place on the postoffice committee.

The four progressive senators voted against the committee list in the committee on committees as it was passed.

GIRL'S FIGURE WINS SUIT

Graceful Form So Impresses Jury They Give Her Verdict.

New York, April 27.—"Her figure is her fortune," sounds like the title of a song, but it so impressed a jury in the supreme court yesterday that a verdict of $3,489.94 was found in favor of Miss Belle Brand against Jacob Glockner.

She was a walking advertisement of Glockner's goods, said her lawyer, and twelve good men and true agreed that she was some advertisement. Miss Brand did not mind saying a few appreciative words concerning her $3,489.94 figure and testified that, as sales agent for the Metropolitan district, she had disposed of $132,000 worth of goods in one year and a half.

Buyers just gave one look at those graceful lines, that perfect fitting waist and slim hobble effect and were shown where to sign for big orders.

Miss Brand and her employer parted in anger, and she asserted he owed her $5,000. The figures in the books did not interest the jurors half as much as the figure on the witness stand when the plaintiff testified.

COFFEE ISSUE IN CONGRESS

Norris Asks That Brazilian Control Over Prices Be Ended.

Washington, April 27.—The tariff debate in the house covered broad lines. Mr. Norris, of Nebraska, attacked the combination controlling the Brazilian coffee output, and urged changes in the existing tariff laws which would permit the United States government to break up the control over the wholesale price and the supply of coffee in the United States market.

Mr. Norris declared that since Brazil, in 1908, entered into a combination with the large financial interests of the United States and other countries to control the price of coffee, the wholesale price in New York had risen from 6½ cents a pound for No. 7 Rio coffee to 13½ cents.

The rise was due, he said, to the fact that Brazil had restricted the production of coffee and dictated the amount that could be put on the market at any time and the price at which it should be sold.

Mr. Norris said he did not believe either the anti-trust laws or the present tariff laws of the United States were wide enough to let this government reach the foreign monopoly. By changing the tariff law so as to give the United States a chance to discriminate against all of Brazil's exports to this country, he said, the government would be bale to crush the monopoly.

DUTCH LOWER AMERICAN FLAG

Holland Has Seized Island Held by United States.

Manila, P. I., April 27.—Delayed advices reached here via Jolo report that the Dutch have taken possession of Palmas island, 60 miles southeast of Mindanao, lowered the United States colors and substituted the flag of Holland.

It is understood here that Washington does not intend to protest against the action of the Dutch, the United States government regard the island as valueless.

BOY BURNED AT THE STAKE

Playmates Desert When Game Becomes Reality.

Boston, April 28.—Bound and tied to a sttke while his little playmates executed a mimic Indian war dance about him and "tortured" him with a lighted candle, Max Tatlebaum, aged 5 years, of Roxbury, turned play into realty today and was "burned at the stake." His clothing caught fire from the candle, causing injuries which resulted in his death. His companions ran away when they saw the boy's clothing flaming up, and he was released from the stake by two little girls who carried him home.

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AFTER FOOD CORNERS

Att'y General Asks Weapon to Be Used in Smashing Speculative Pools.

Washington, April 26.—Attorney General Wickersham has come to the rescue of the ultimate consumer. He began yesterday in the supreme court an action which he says is an attempt to learn the way in which the fixing of prices may be prevented. The object of the proceedings is to stop speculation in commodities in daily use by the people.

The attorney general has decided to appeal to the supreme court to sustain the so-called "corner counts" in the government's indictment of James A. Patten, Eugene C. Scales, Frank D. Hayne, William P. Brown and Robert M. Thompson, charged with leading the May cotton corner of 1910 on the New York exchange.

Judge Noyes, in the United States circuit court for the southern district of New York, sustained all the counts of the indictment except those charging a corner to fix the price of raw cotton. Attorney General Wickersham's appeal is from that part of the decision.

Underlying the appeal, however, is a move regarded by the department of justice as far overshadowing in importance the cotton corner case itself. It is Attorney General Wickersham's attempt to find a means to finally prevent the fixing of prices, by speculation on exchanges, of commodities.

A weapon more effective than any the department of justice now has for the prosecution of trusts and monopolies, will be at hand if the supreme court rules that price fixing by corners of the markets comes within the purview of the anti-trust law.

President Taft and the attorney general are receiving daily protests and resolutions from farmers' unions and granges in the south, condemning the government for its prosecution of the cotton bulls and its apparent inaction regarding the bears.

Attorney General Wickersham made it plain yesterday that should the supreme court support the department of justice in its contentions in the present appeal, prosecutions will be immediately undertaken against the individuals of any combination, whether the conspiracy be to bull or bear the prices of a commodity.

$4,500 FOR GRAY'S "ELEGY."

First Edition, Sold in 1751 for Sixpence, Brought a Record Price.

New York, April 29.—A first edition of Thomas Gray's Elegy, "written in a country churchyard," which sold in Paternoster Row in London for six-pence in 1751, brought $4,500 at last night's session of the Hoe library auction sale.

SNAKE WRITER IS KILLED

Man Who Furnished Newspapers With Weird Stories Is Dead.

Port Jervis, N. Y., April 27.—Wallace B. Wheat, author of those snake and bear stories that have been appearing in the newspapers for many years, was killed at his home here today by a fall down a flight of stairs.

There is scarcely a newspaper that has not published some of Wheat's snake and bear stories. In no place on earth was there such snakes as infested Port Jervis, according to Wheat.

He was a master of verisimilitude and his weirdest stories managed to get past the editors and convinced millions of readers that Port Jervis was overrun with freaks.

JUDGE SEWS DURING TRIAL

Gary Officer Is Sartorial Expert and Combines Occupations.

Gary, Ind., April 27.—You can have either a dress suit or a lawsuit in the offices of James V. Costello, one of Gary's new justices of the peace. Justice Costello is a tailor and operates the sartorial establishment in connection with the court. Oftentimes while hearing evidence in a lengthy case he bides his time by sewing.

WILD GEESE IN FLIGHT

Their Majesties Sweep in Their Migration to the North.

Toronto Globe.

There can be no more impressive sight than a straining line of wild geese moving in the clear air with steady strokes, their rigid necks pointing to their northern summer home, their outlines slowly diminishing until, as a row of floating dots, they vanish in the uncertain distance.

As they scan the continent in their northward sweep the feeble efforts that dot it here and there with cities must seem to them helpless presumption. They call in the joy of their strength, and the poor prisoners of gravitation fancy that the resonant tones from the vast, airy dome is a special message to their own little worlds. More impressive than this voice of the open day or the sight of the vigorous and steady forms coursing in the air is the sonorous mingling of cries in the starry dome when the lofty way of travelers is concealed by the enshrouding night.

Through the baffling mystery of countless points of light from immeasurable distances comes the more appealing mystery of the near but invisible wanderers, hailing from their uncharted course. Fancy pictures the geometrical accuracy of the passing flock. Their course can be followed by the tireless repetition of their resonant calls. Even their numbers can be guessed by the multitude of voices.

The Unhappy Umpire.

Philadelphia Record.

The umpire has truly no enviable task. Partisanship on the ball field sometimes quite overrules the sense of fairness and decency characteristic of the average American. The crowd is sometimes so eager for the home team to win that it adversely criticises every decision in favor of the visiting players. The umpire who listens to the voices of the grand stand, pro and con, is unfit for his occupation, yet it is hard indeed for mortal flesh and blood to be indifferent and coldly neutral in the crucial inning of a hotly contested game.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

HELP WANTED.

MEN WANTED for government positions, Average salary $1,100; annual vacations; short hours. Send postal immediately for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. J-32, Rochester, N. Y.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. Marden, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Company, L 805 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

LEARN to write advertisements. You can positively earn $25 to $100 a week. Ask for prospectus free. Page Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, Etc. Catalog Free. D. S. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS, DON'T ACCEPT AN AGENCY until you read our new book, "Filling Dollars," It's free, Darling Brothers, Derry, N.H.

AGENTS—Perfumed "Victoria" Laundry Gloss, the great ironer, purifier and bleacher is a big seller with large profit. It positively prevents the iron from sticking, the perfume to kill the odor of perspiration and washing compounds. Goods prepaid. Free particulars. Sample 5c. Fred Sander Malden, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Men and women to represent us in every town. Our progressive plan is a splendid opportunity for hustlers with the ambition to reach the highest of all trophies—"Independence." Answer this and get busy. Union Furniture Co., Toledo, Ohio.

PERSONAL.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sexes; wonderful results. Particulars free. Confidential, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

TROUBLED WOMEN—Don't worry; your health safe with Whirl Pool Douche, new marvelous syringe. Send today for private information. Comes in plain sealed envelopes. Sanitas Co., 162 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 12, Chicago.

MARRY—Correspond and Marry. Latest plan free. E. Wise, Albion, Ind.

This Page Is Read In

A Quarter Million Homes

From Maine to California Every Week.

For the small sum of THREE DOLLARS you can reach all of them with a five-line advertisement, this size:

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

By using the MAIL ORDER MARKET of the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, your announcement will be delivered right into the HOME. Here is a chance to tell the young man of your plan, a new way for him to go into business for himself. The father of the family may be considering the sale of a portion of his land holdings. The old farm may be on the market. A chance to buy, sell or trade would have an interested audience among the readers of the

MAIL ORDER MARKET

A new business can be started in these columns. You won't need a large capital to start with, as there are over a MILLION readers of the Weekly Blade every week. This makes it possible to avoid the expense of salesmen. The MAIL ORDER MARKET is your salesmen. Just think, a FIVE-LINE advertisement would cost you only $3.00. The circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE is now OVER 225,000—figuring an average of five to a family, your adv. will be placed before a million readers. A letter to all these people would cost (even if you used 1c postage) $10,000.00. This is how advertising is a paying business.

Fill out the coupon below:

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....
Street .....
City and State.....

ESCAPE BUT DEATH RESPITE

Miner Escapes Pancoast Disaster to Die in Other Shaft.

Scranton, Pa., April 27.—Although he escaped death in the accident at the Pancoast mine in Throop when 73 men lost their lives two weeks ago last Friday, John Silenski, a miner, was pursued by fate, and yesterday was instantly killed while at work in the Marvine mine.

Silenski was one of the few men who made their way to safety from the death tunnel of the Pancoast mine, and in gratitude at his delivery from a terrible death, vowed that he would never again enter the mine that had proven a death trap to so many of his comrades. True to his vow, he secured employment in the Marvine and commenced work there a week ago Monday.

Yesterday afternoon, while finishing up his work, he prepared and fire a shot, thinking that he would blow down enough coal to keep his laborer busy in the morning. The shot loosened the roof and Silenski was caught beneath tons of rock and his life crushed out.

Judge.

Dentist—"Will you take gas?"

Mr. Tightwad—"Yes—er—what are your meter rates here?"

I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months, ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
924 Park Square
Sedalia, Mo.

Reliable Beyond Question

*This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

THIS week, a MAN-BEING contributes the third chapter to THE BLADE BOOK, and, by so doing, varies our pages, so far as we have gone, with wit and humor.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," and women, too, for that matter, though women are not given credit for having much sense of humor. I know they have, because there are several thus blessed, who are friends of mine. A sense of humor removes the tragedy from many a doleful occasion.

"Laughter is the poor man's plaster." It is better for aches and pains, no matter what their kind, breed, color or language, than any sticking plaster ever made, and so we are MUCH OBLIGED to THE OLD JIGGER FROM UP THE KRICK whose LAUGHTER PLASTER follows.

Dear Blade—Fur sumtime I hev thot uv riten tu yu, but wuz not sure if yu kared to here from me. When I wuz a kid, I red The Blade, when PETROLEUM V. NASBY rote fur it, but I got married later, and hed uther things to du. Now I hev red it fur several yeres and when it cumes, I sit in mi big chere an put mi fete on the cook stove an' I am purty kosy while I rede the paper.

We live up French Krick (which is in Venango County, Pennsylvany,) a cuple uv miles from where it mixes with the Allegheny river on Punkin Rige. G. Washington went up the krick tu tell the French an' Indians not tu cum down it or tha wud git a lickin'. I wusent acquainted with George, but I no the oldest natives uv the Rige hez the pole he kild a polekat with, when he past the Korners.

The hils are purty steep an' hi' an' the sity peple kum out an' talk a lot about the butiful sites an' ruds. Guess if tha hed tu work over them hills an' ruds, tha wudent go krazy about them, but up the krick futher, the valy is awful wide and mity fine farms an' lots uv Jersy kows are kept an' we git gud prices fur milk an' buter, an' we mostly belong to Granges an' think if kongres wud take the tarif off uv mete an' flour an' wool an' clothes, an' not off uv things the farmer raises, it wud be beter for the poor man—but then, the Republicans wuz awul to fite an' lie to the farmer, an' I'm mity much afraid the other crowd is biger liars than the aforesaid, leastwise, that's their record.

We hev a debatin' klub at the Rige where we mete tu give the boys an' gurls a chanst tu bo each other home an' the women a chanst tu sho thare nu hats. We hev sum purty smart peple belongin' tu the klub. There's Mrs. Sam Oats, she wuz a sity girl when she married Sam. Sam hed a gud farm an' a lot uv Jersy kows an' sum uv the ole mades on the Rige sed she jes married him fur the farm an' kows. Guess tha wuz jelus, but she makes a mity gud farmer's wife. Sum sity gurls du, but all kuntry gurls make gud wives any place.

Then Sol Kornstaks. Sol's aful kontrary, most as kontrary as the old man in Barriers Burned Away. He always fought with hisself an' Hesekiar. He kepes the postoffis an' a store at the Korners. We debate everything that kums up before the peple. Next week we debate the harem skirt, then I will tell about it.

I gues Ide orter tel hu I am, an' how old I am, but you must never ast an ole made, a widder or widderer thare ages. I try to kepe yung by readin' gud buks an' papers, by heavin' boys an' gurls cum to visit at our house, an' then yu all no there ain't enything will make an old kros, krankty person fergit his kranks an' akes like gran kidds, an' I've got 2 uv them hu help me plow. Tha ride the hosses an' so fo'th.

I don't know how hi I am. I can't see tu the top uv mi hed, but when I fele up thar, it feles purty smooth, but I'm not gra heded. Sum men ain't at 60.

I do considerable ritin fur the papers, in fact, I guess ef it wusent fur mi peces, a gud meny peple wudent take the papers at least tha tel me when the paper cums, the furst thing tha luk fur is to see if there is eny pece in it writ by,—THE OLD JIGGER FROM UP THE KRICK.

Along with this letter came a card to me. The face of it reads: "For Sheriff, O. C. Sigsworth, 'The Old Jigger,' Canal Township."

On the back is written: "My Dear Mrs. Ayres—If the day of woman's suffrage had dawned which will clarify the political sky from all things evil, I would solicit your vote."

It is my private opinion that this citizen would have my vote if I were a voter. The suffrage question is something about which I have not yet made up my mind. I am so very busy looking after my big BLADE FAMILY, but I am on the WATCH TOWER, with an eye out for the signs of the times.

You OLD JIGGER FROM UP THE KRICK, come down the pike with your harem skirt screed, before harem skirts are a past fancy. We want to preserve your debate on this subject in the BLADE BOOK, to hand down to posterity.—Elizabeth.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE

(PETROLEUM V. NASBY)

THE present chapter of the BLADE BOOK, is illustrated with the portrait of DAVID ROSS LOCKE, without which the book would not be complete. As PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Mr. Locke made the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE famous.

Mr. Locke began his newspaper work as a printer. He ended it as a great American humorist, known the world over. The Nasby letters began in 1860 and were continued until the close of the war. Beyond a question, they were a strong force in bringing to an end the war of the rebellion.

In TOLEDO there is a fine office building called THE NASBY. In Toledo the memory of Mr. Locke is still cherished, though in 1888 he dropped out of the ranks of the living.

There are many of the WEEKLY BLADE readers who belonged to the BLADE FAMILY when the NASBY letters were printed. They, too, remember their writer, and for them, more than for any other, the portrait of Mr. Locke is published with this chapter.

Over in the Poets' Corner, because it belongs to this week's Household Page, is Mr. Locke's poem, HANNAH JANE. It is not necessary for me to tell you it is the best sort of American poetry.

If you are pasting the chapters of the BLADE BOOK in a scrap book, which is sometning you should be doing, paste in this poem. It may not come your way again.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE, I salute you. —Elizabeth.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

AN EVENING CALL

Will you allow a grandmother from fair Tennessee to join your circle for a few moments? I am 59 years old. I have been a reader of The Blade for many years. I have five children, married, and all readers of The Blade. It is always a very welcome visitor to our home.

I want to give you a description of a Sunday evening call I paid to one of my neighbors, L. H. Haskleroad. What I saw first there, was a cabbage head, measuring 41 inches around. There was a toaster, measuring 32 inches in length; a pig, four months old, weighing 194 pounds; and an acre of water melons, as fine as your eyes ever beheld. After feasting my eyes on all these things and after eating a good portion of a fine melon, I went on to see my youngest son's first born, a boy, weighing 11 pounds.

I write this to let the readers of the Cozy Corner know that sunny Tennessee, with her lofty peaks and fertile vales, fed by their rippling streams, affords as fine luxuries as can be found anywhere. Thinking you may be weary of me, I will close. If I see this in print, you may hear from me occasionally. Wishing you all prosperity.—Jewel of Tennessee.

FROM UNCLE RUBE

To the Cozy Corner People—This is my first letter written to the corner, and I hope it will meet with approval. In reply to Piggie's letter, I want to say I have cooked for three for 13 years, and I do not see how he can feel rested enough to pat himself on the back, after going through the act of getting breakfast well started. I always feel too tired.

I work a little, rocky hillside farm in Kentucky. I have made a living there and feel tolerably well satisfied. I want to say to those who feel inclined to moan over their lot, to let other folks do the complaining, and you do the listening. They will respect you more if you listen to all the good advice people give you. Keep all you can use in your business, and let the rest go, is as safe a rule as I have found.

I have been a reader of The Blade for a long time. I became interested in the Cozy Corner and Merry-Go-Round departments this winter, and here is thanking Elizabeth for a great many helpful things she has said through the columns of the paper.

Well, if the editor wants to use this squib, she has the permission of Uncle Rube of Kentucky.

Much obliged, Uncle Rube, you are all right.—Elizabeth.

A COLORADO FRIEND

Dear Friends—This is a snowy day, and the 3rd of April, but while we have snow, it is warm and pleasant. As there is not rain enough to produce crops in this part of Colorado, we have to work irrigation. I have had but one year's experience farming under irrigation, but, by my own success and what I have seen of others, I like it very much. This is a sunshine country and all farm products have the moisture and sunshine, both at the same time. Everything seems to grow so well. Sugar beets, alfalfa, corn, wheat, Mexican beans, in fact all farm products are successfully grown here. It is the greatest mellon country in the world, and I do not think there could be a healthier country.

I have been a reader of The Blade for several years, and I would not be without it. A good country and a good paper, go well together. I came here from all over West Virginia, therefore, I enjoy reading the letters from that state. I enjoy all of them, so come ahead all of you West Virgianians, you do well.

I am figuring on a trip across the Rocky Mountain range. Perhaps I can tell you something more when I get back. The meadow lark and mocking birds are our best songsters. They are a little quiet today. Prosperity and success to The Blade and all its readers. Truly yours—E. J. S., Colorado.

We shall be very glad to have you write of your mountain trip. Don't forget to remember us when you get back.—Elizabeth.

Please do not ask me for the address of the man who wrote the above letter, or ask me to forward letters to him. I do not know his address, and I am too busy to be a postoffice. I think he is too busy a man to answer letter of inquiry. I cannot conduct an inquiry department, where the passing on of letters is concerned. I have had to cut it out. You must remember there is more than a quarter of a million of you. There is only one of me.—Elizabeth.

It is never too late to mend your ways. Always you may come back and be forgiven, if you come with your hat in your hand, and clad in the armor you have forged for yourself, by saying, "I have been mistaken."

If you are sloppy and down at the heel in your dress, you are sloppy and down at the heel in your mind.

5 Fine POST CARDS FREE
Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 very choicest gold embossed cards FREE, to introduce post card offer.
Capital Card Co., Dept. 210, Topeka, Kan.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "These purty spring mornin's I wake up most pleased to death, whether the sun is shinin' or the rain is fallin'. Whichever way round it may be, it's goin' to bring the roses and posies to bloomin'."

It is frequently the innocent bystander who is the greatest sufferer, therefore, don't be a bystander unless you know the kind of a game you are watching. You might get drawn in.

Be careful not to take too much for yourself, just because you happen to be in a position to be a grabber. The grabbers always get grabbed.

If you get the love and confidence of those who work with you, of those who work for you, they will guard your property as if it were their own, but—it is a case of you have to show me, with us day laborers.

To the old-fashioned woman: "God bless her; I love her." There cannot be too many of her kind.

There are many who do things they should not do, through ignorance, not through wickedness. This ignorance exists in high places as much as it does in the ditches.

It is not because I hate you that I bate you, neither is it to show me au'tority. See the point?

Here's hoping.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

REPLY TO IONABELLE

Dear M. G. R.'s—I am going to try my luck with the M. G. R.'s if Elizabeth will permit an invalid to join. I have been laid up for over three weeks and "Doc" says, "me for the bed one more."

I guess I would never have written if Ionabelle had not given me an excuse, but I will try and answer her letter of inquiry.

I, too, expect to teach next fall. The last time I heard anything about the school laws in Oklahoma, school attendance was not required; just an examination was necessary. Although the laws here change about as often as the weather, which is four times a week.

The harvest begins in June, if the weather is willing, and men get two and two and a half dollars a day. I will be glad to correspond with Ionabelle and with any of the M. G. R.'s. Cherokee Girl, we are so near and yet so far. Would you favor me with a post card?

Here's hoping your patience will last, for half a dozen broken bones and a rib or two thrown in for good measure, makes this letter read a good deal as I feel. I will now sign up, hoping to know you all better.—Sir Invalid, Oklahoma.

BLACK EYES

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have been reading your letters so long I thought I would write. We have taken The Blade five years. I have a pretty Shetland pony. I can drive almost any place I care to go. I am a girl of 17 summers. I have black eyes, brown hair and a fair complexion. I weigh 120 pounds. Well, as you know about how I look I will come again and tell you where I live and who I am. I like to read the letters of the M. G. R.'s, especially those from Pennawite Jake, Frisky Fran, Cherokee Girl and Wyoming Cow Girl. —Black Eyes from Ohio.

Thank you for the rosy-posy you handed me.—Elizabeth.

PORTABLE MILLS

I live in the northeastern part of Pennsylvania. My father and my two oldest brothers have a shingle mill, saw mill, cider mill and crate mill. They have two engines, one stationary and one portable. They can saw 1,500 shingles in one hour. They move their saw and shingle mills around the country and make cider and crates at home. The saw mill is at home now. We have 75 or 80 hives of bees and a lot of tame rabbits. I do not know how many, as so many run wild.

I will send you a good cure for hiccoughs: Take one or two teaspoonfuls of juice from canned plums. My mother had the double hiccoughs and this stopped hers. I advise all who ever have that trouble to try it.—G. L. M., Pennsylvania.

SPRING IS HERE

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you please let me take a ride with you this spring? Spring is here at last.

We live on a small farm and have a splendid orchard. It bears every year, so you M. G. R.'s can come if you like, and eat apples with us when the red June and the early harvests get ripe. My wife and I have been married seven years and have three boys. Of course, we think they are very pretty. The oldest is five and the youngest is two. I have to work hard, but it does not go hard with me, for I was raised to work. Oh, say, Elizabeth, I wish you could come and stay a week with us.

I guess I had better close as my head has already gone to swimming so I will get off and let the next one on.—Hornet, Tennessee.

Thank you for your invitation. I have long wanted to visit Tennessee, and one of these days it may be that I shall.—Elizabeth.

DON'T GET EXCITED

Please don't get excited when you read that another boy from the Webfoot state wants to join your Merry-go-round family, but here's hoping you will welcome me. I am a boy 16 years of age, five feet four inches high, weight 140 pounds. I have dark brown eyes and dark hair. I went to high school for part of a term, but had to stop. There are two children in our family besides myself. They are one boy and one girl. We do not know where our sister is, for our family was separated several years ago and my mother took her back to Michigan, our native state.

I enjoy reading the letters in the M. G. R., for The Blade has been a visitor to our home for three years.

"Just Some One" from Oregon, let us hear from you, and tell us what you look like.

"Wolverine Bookworm," you must not forget to write. There is room in the M. G. R. for your letter.

My father owns a shingle mill, so I have learned to be a knotsawer by trade.

Well, as this is my first letter, I will close for this time, with best wishes to all.—A Knotsawer from Oregon.

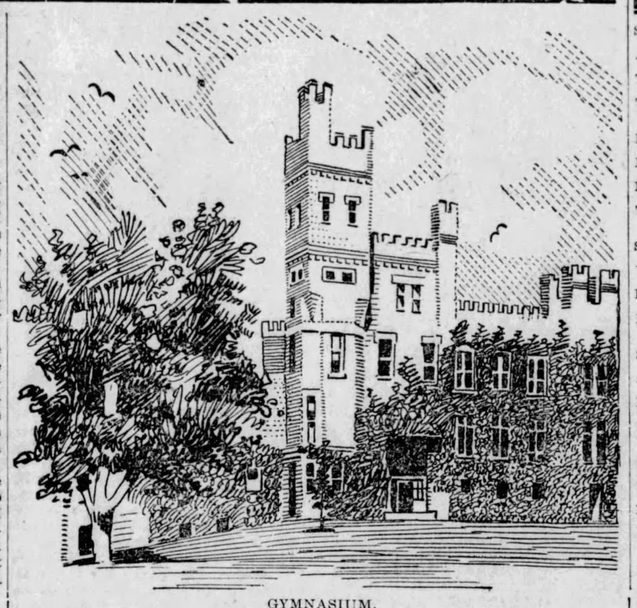
M. G. R. AFFAIRS

We are always glad to welcome every newcomer to this page. I am so very busy this morning there is not time to call out names, but you all are welcome to our midst.

Jaunita—I sent your letter to Ionabelle.

Many, many thanks for the many, many kind words which have come to us since we had a fire where it did not belong. We are rolling along.

When you write to this page write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope, and don't forget about that Blade Boosting. We will help your good work along.—Elizabeth.



GYMNASIUM.
Illinois State Normal University
From a postcard sent by one of our friends in Farmer City, Illinois.

MORNING THOUGHTS

When I find a thought for the top o' the morning tucked in with the many helpful words that are sent to The Blade from all over the country by our letter writers, it is going to be used where it will do the most good, and that place is under the head Morning Thoughts. Watch for yourselves.—Elizabeth.

SUNDAY

I am glad spring is here, and glad to hear and see the birds once more. I love the beautiful flowers. How thankful we should be for so many nice things God has given us to enjoy. — Mrs. May Klein, Baldwin.

MONDAY

It certainly is the duty of us all to do everything in our power to make home the most cheerful place on earth.—Old Hoosier, Indiana.

TUESDAY

I am one that does not believe in telling my troubles to any. I think each has enough of his own to bear. —A Soldier's Wife, Indiana.

WEDNESDAY

I never forget to praise God for both good and bad.—Thankfulness, Tennessee.

THURSDAY

Spring is here. We have lots of robins with us and turtle doves. It makes one feel happy to hear their sweet music again.—Elizabeth, West Virginia.

FRIDAY

I have a pleasant home, a kind and loving husband, four dear children, and a beautiful hope of a heaven to gain.—Pet, Michigan.

SATURDAY

Never let a day pass without doing a kind act, or saying a kind word to some one.—Laura E. Carney, Princeton, Kentucky.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Whether or not you see yourselves in print as you expect to be seen, you may rest assured you are all in on this PEACE PAGE. I read every one of your letters, and in that way, in one form or another, they always get in. This is true.—Elizabeth.

When you write to this page, what we want is YOUR, not the repetition of another's thoughts, not quotations. We want YOU. Speak up and 'spress you'se'f. There is no danger here.

Many letters come to The Blade with badly blurred postmarks. Some have none at all. You postoffice keepers, get busy. BELIEVE IN YOUR JOBS.

This from one of our friends: "I always like to read all the happy letters. Thanks be to God that so many people take such great interest in this beloved paper."—R. H. Haslacker, Maysville, West Virginia.

One of our friends would like to have a recipe for graham bread. Will the one who is kind enough to send this be careful about giving exact quantities and the way to mix the ingredients? We shall be much obliged.

The Gold Bug—We shall be mighty glad to hear from you when you are ready to write. Why not sign your name? What have you done that you have to be afraid?

Here is a new one to me: "I would like to have the recipe for canning dandelions, as I never canned any, but would like to try it." Who knows this?

All letters for this page, the Peace Page, should have Household Editor written on the envelope. If we did not need to have you, we should not ask it.

When you are planting your crops sow a few good seeds for The Blade. Be a Blade Booster. It will do you good.

James Ritterhouse—Thank you for your letter. You are all right.—Elizabeth.

Another of our friends would like to know the name of the author of Who Was She, or Elnore Vale, a book which was published some time in Lincoln's administration. Kindly send your information to Mrs. W. R. Vaughn, Muscogee, Escombia Co., Florida.

FROM THE CHILDREN

A CITY GIRL

Dear Readers of The Blade—Having read your interesting letters I thought I would venture and write one too. I have written before, but I guess Mr. Waste Basket got hold of it.

I am a city girl 13 years of age, and I go to school. I am in the seventh grade.

We live near the Mississippi river, and have a beautiful view of it from our window.

I have lived in the city all my life.

Every summer I go to the country and stay with my grandfather. He has taken The Blade for many years.

I have one brother 15 years old, whose birthday is on the same day as mine. He goes to the McKinley high school, which is noted all over the world for its mechanical drawings. I go to the Shepard school, one of the model schools of the city.

As my letter is getting very long I will close and give some one else a chance.—Florence Lewis, St. Louis, Mo.

"GOD BLESS YOU"

Dear Girls and Boys—I enjoy reading the children's letters. They are fine. I was 18 April 6. Would you let me write that I am a deaf girl? I stopped to go to school in Jacksonville, Ill. I stay here all winter.

I always live on a farm. I hope you put this in print. I have two sisters and six brothers, but two brothers are married. I hope this will not enter the waste basket. I will close as my letter is long. I hope God bless you and The Blade. I will sign my name.—Miss Rhea Johnson, Illinois.

A NEW SCHOOL HOUSE

Dear Blade—I am a little boy 7 years old. My grandmother takes The Blade. She lives in my home. I think The Blade is a good paper. I like to read the stories that the children write. The town is going to build a new schoolhouse. I think it will be a great improvement on this town of Maple Rapids. The building that the town has at the present time is a building that has been condemned as unhealthy, and it is said that air enough cannot be provided for the children to breathe.

I am learning to write on my father's typewriter. I have a little brother named Laurence, 4 years old. He wants to help me write, but he hinders more than he helps.—William Calvin Wylie, Michigan.

HER FIRST LETTER

Dear Blade—I am a girl 13 years old. My birthday is the 14th of March. I live on a farm of 40 acres. I am in the eighth grade at school. I have two brothers. My oldest brother, aged 14 years, is going to try the eighth grade examination.

For pets I have two dogs named "Joe" and "Mate" and a calf named "Bessie." We have a team of horses, two cows and a pig named Sally.

The snow is almost gone. It is cold weather. This is my first letter to The Blade, and I hope it will be printed. We have been taking The Blade only a short time. My grandpa sent it to us. He lives in Indiana. Best wishes to The Blade and its little readers.—Rosina L. Wile, Michigan.

I have just come from the sugar trees. I got about a gallon of water. We all like it. I like spring better than any of the rest of the seasons. I think the cherry trees are so pretty in the spring.—Alice Huffines, Gibsonville, Ohio.

We are building us a new house. Our other house burned last year, on the last day of March.—Beatrice Jones, Perry, Ohio.

A FREDONIA CANARY

HERE is a New York state girl, come for a little chat. My home is in Fredonia, N. Y., three miles from the city of Dunkirk.

I wonder how many of you are interested in canary birds. We have a yellow canary that is 9 years old. When he was not more than a year old my father taught him to whistle Marching Through Georgia. He whistles the tune perfectly, until he comes to the chorus, then he changes the tune and whistles part of the song called, Just One Girl.

The bird's name is Dick, and he is a great pet with all of us. If any of you get out this way call and see him.—Dutchy, of New York State

Dear Blade—Will Elizabeth please let me in to thank all of those who were so kind in sending me postcards? I do not suppose you all could guess how many I have received. I have received hundreds and hundreds of postcards and letters, I know.

I said I would exchange postcards with any of the children who would write to me, but little did I think that I would receive so many. The first night I received only 49, but since then I have had so many that I have not read them all, yet, and they are still coming. I answered the first ones I got. I thought that was all, but I do not suppose that is the beginning of them. I would like very much to correspond with you all, but it is impossible. You know yourself, that you could not answer them all, as it would take quite a long time. I thought I would write this letter and I hope all of you who have written to me, will read it and know why I have not answered your cards.

I received one letter from a little girl, 8 years old. Her name was Elsie Redin. I was very pleased to hear from her, as she was the smallest one who wrote to me in all. Most of my letters and cards were from West Virginia and Indiana.

I know you all will be disappointed when you read this. I will close, hoping to see this letter in print.—Nellie Craddock, Dent, Missouri.

To Elizabeth—Please print this, so they will all know why I have not answered their cards. I remain, respectfully, N. C.

There you have the proof. Keep your postcard exchange going, but, to use a homely phrase, "don't try to bite off more than you can chew."

Here endeth this chapter.

HANNAH JANE

By DAVID ROSS LOCKE

She isn't half so handsome as when
twenty years agone,
At her old home in Piketon, Parson
Avery made us one;
The great house crowded full of guests
of high and low degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the
boys all envying me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin
was white as milk,
Her brown hair—what a mass it was! and
soft and fine as silk;
No wind-moved willow by a brook had
ever such a grace;
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure, Madonna face.

She had but meagre schooling; her little
notes to me
Were full of crooked pot-hooks, and the
worst orthography.
Her "dear" she spelled with double e,
and "kiss" with single s;
But when one's crazed with passion,
what's a letter more or less?

She blundered in her writing, and she
blundered when she spoke,
And ev'ry rule of syntax that old Murray made she broke;
But she was fresh and beautiful, and I—
well, I was young;
Her form and face far, far outweighed
the blunders of her tongue.

I was but little better. True, I'd longer
been at school;
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a
trifle more by rule;
But that was all; the neighbors round
who knew us through and through,
Spoke but the truth in calling her the
better of the two.

How changed she is! the light of youth
has faded from her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the
coiffure's art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly
forward bends;
Her fingers, once so shapely, now are
stumpy at the ends.

She has made but little progress, and in
little are we one;
The beauty rare that mote than hid that
great defect is gone.
My well-to-do relations now deride my
homely wife,
And pity me that I am tied to such a
clod for life.

I know there is a difference; at reception
and levee
The brightest, wittiest and most famed of
women smile on me;
And everywhere I hold my place among
the greatest men;
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's
judge, "Alas, it might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately
dames and brilliant belles,
And yield to me the homage that all
great success compels,
Discussing art and statecraft, and literature as well,
From Homer down to Thackeray, and
Swedenborg on "Hell,"

I can't forget that from these streams my
wife has never quaffed,
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with
Jack Falstaff laughed;
Of authors, actors, artists—why, she
hardly knows the names;
She slept while I was speaking on the
Alabama claims.

I can't forget—Just at this point another
form appears—
The wife I wedded as she was before
my prosperous years;
I travel o'er the dreary road we journeyed
side by side,
And wonder what my share would be if
Justice should divide.

She had four hundred dollars from her
father's old estate;
On that we two were married and bravely
faced our fate.
I wrestled with my books; her task was
harder far than mine—
'Twas to make two hundred dollars do
the work for us of nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my
legal lore,
An office with a stove and desk, and
books perhaps a score;
She had her beauty and her youth, and
some housewifely skill,
And love for me and faith in me, and
back of that a will.

I had no friends behind me—no influence
to aid;
I worked and fought for every precious
inch of ground I made.
And how she fought beside me! never
woman I've on less;
In two long years she never spent a single
cent for dress.

Ah! how she cried for joy when my first
legal fight was won,
When our eclipse passed partly by, and
we could see the sun!
The fee was fifty dollars—'twas the work
of half a year—
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my
legal bow and spear.

I well remember, when my coat (the only
one I had)
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in
fact, most "shocking bad."
The tailor's stern remark when I a modest order made:
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we
tailors trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by
noon that very day;
She wrought on hickory shirts at night
that tailor's bill to pay.
I got a coat, and wore it; but alas! poor
Hannah Jane,
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm
weather came again.

Our second season she refused a cloak
of any sort,
That I might have a decent suit in which
to appear in court;
She made her last years' bonnet do, that
I might have a hat;
Talk of the old-time martyrs, flame-enveloped, after that!

No negro ever worked so hard a servant's pay to save,
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slave.
What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining as she did in one, nurse,
housemaid, seamstress, cook!

What wonder that the beauty fled that
once I so adored;
The rose and lily in her face my kitchen
fire devoured;
Her plump, soft arm was once too fair
to be concealed;
Hard work for me that softness lent
sinewy strength congealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame;
Ah! with what pure devotion she to the
altar came.
And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did
not know it then—
All that she was, and more than that, all
that she might have been!

At last I won a grand success! our lives
then parted wide;
I swiftly climbed the rising road, she
walked not by my side.
I'd tried my speed and mettle, gained
strength in every race;
Far up the heights of life was I—she
drudging at the base.

She made me take the stump each fall,
she said 'twas my career;
And wild applause of list'ning crowds
was music to my ear.
What stimulus had she to cheer her
dreary solitude?
For me she lived on gladly in a grass
widowhood.

She couldn't hear my maiden speech, but
when the press agreed
'Twas the best one of the season, those
comments she could read;
And with a gush of pride thereat, which
I had never felt,
She sent them to me in a note, with half
the words misspelt.

I to the legislature went, and said that
she should go
To see the busy world with me, and what
'twas doing know.
With tearful smile she answered, "No,
four dollars is the pay;
The Bates house rates for board for one
is just that sum per day."

At twenty-eight the state-house; on the
bench at thirty-three;
At forty every gate in life was opened
wide to me.
I nursed my powers, and grew, and made
my point; but she—
Bearing such weary pack-horse loads,
what could the woman be?

What could she be! Oh, shame! I blush
to think what she has been;
The most unselfish of all wives to the
selfishest of men.
Yes, plain and homely now she is; alas,
ignorant, 'tis true;
For me she rubbed herself quite out; I
represent the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other
men have done—
First break her heart with cold neglect,
then shove her out alone.
The world would say 'twas well, and
more would give great praise to
me
For having borne with "such a wife" so
uncomplainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt
Hannah, God and me
Was not for one or twenty years, but for
eternity.
No matter what the world may think I
know down in my heart
If either, I'm delinquent; she has bravely
done her part.

There's another world beyond this! and
on the final day
Will 'ntellect and learning against such
devotion weigh?
And when the one made of us two is
torn apart again,
I'll kick the beam, for God is just, and
He knows Hannah Jane.

SPRING SQUIBS

These little signs o' the season, are taken from recent letters written to this page. If you look, you may find yourself in this party.

I shall be so glad when summer comes, for it is so nice here in summer. I am going to spend Easter Sunday with my grandma Wilson.—Maud Wilson, Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

We have been having some fine weather in old Kentucky for the past three weeks, and the farmers are getting a move on themselves. One of my neighbors has planted 6 or 8 acres of corn. Our staple crops are corn, wheat and tobacco. We have a good market for everything we raise, as this is a mining country and there is good railroad transportation.—G. W. Pool, Beaver Dam, Kentucky.

It will soon be time for us all to begin spring work, housecleaning and farm work. We shall all be glad to see the warm days and I guess the poor buds will be glad to have it get warm.—Sis, New York.

I generally have a little garden of my own. I am going to try to raise peanuts this year. Our school is out today, March 31.—Brooks Summerfield, West Virginia.

You Cannot "Make Good"

IN many of the letters written to this page, is this, or words to this effect: "I will exchange postcards with anyone who wishes to exchange postcards with me."

This is a promise I happen to know you cannot make good, and I happen to know also, there are none of my people who wish to enter into a contract they cannot fulfill.

I have published these postcard bids once in a while, for the purpose of getting proof of what I know to be true: No one Household person can give back as much as he gets, when it comes to the postcard proposition. Picture postcards are good things to give and receive. Many of them are educational and it is all right to keep them in circulation, but each one of you is only one against more people than I can number, and when you promise to exchange postcards with all who send postcards to you, you cannot make good. Here is the proof of my assertion. It comes from one of The Blade children:

Dear Blade—Will Elizabeth please let me in to thank all of those who were so kind in sending me postcards? I do not suppose you all could guess how many I have received. I have received hundreds and hundreds of postcards and letters, I know.

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To Elizabeth—Please print this, so they will all know why I have not answered their cards. I remain, respectfully, N. C.

There you have the proof. Keep your postcard exchange going, but, to use a homely phrase, "don't try to bite off more than you can chew."

Here endeth this chapter.

AFTER 7 YEARS SUFFERING

I Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Waurika, Okla.—"I had female troubles for seven years, was all run down and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different things but did me no good. I got so bad that I could not sleep day or night. While in this condition I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and began its use and wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. In a short time I had gained my average weight and am now strong and well."—Mrs. SALLIE STEVENS, R. F. D., No. 3, Box 31, Waurika, Okla.

Another Grateful Woman.

Huntington, Mass.—"I was in a nervous, run down condition and for three years could find no help.

"I owe my present good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier which I believe saved my life.

"My doctor knows what helped me and does not say one word against it."—Mrs. MARI JANETTE BATES, Box 134, Huntington, Mass.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, and nervous prostration.

Feet So Sore Couldn't Walk Down Stairs--

TIZ Cured Her Quick

If you have sore feet, tired feet sweaty feet, lame feet, tender feet, smelly feet, corns, callouses or bunions, read what happened to Mrs. Crockett, of Jeffersonville. **TIZ DID IT.** Mr. Crockett says: **"After the second treatment she walked downstairs, one foot at a time. She had not been able to walk downstairs before in past five years, except by stepping down on each step, with one foot at a time. This is remarkable. Send five more boxes."**

No matter what ails your feet or what under heaven you have used without getting relief, just use TIZ. It's different. It acts right off. It cures sore feet to stay cured. It's the only foot remedy ever made which acts on the principle of drawing out all the poisonous exudations which cause sore feet. Powders and other remedies merely clog up the pores. TIZ cleans them out and keeps them clean. You will feel better the first time it's used. Use it a week and you can forget you ever had sore feet. There is nothing on earth that can compare with it. TIZ is for sale at all druggists, 25c per box, or direct, if you wish, from Walter Luther Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

LADIES *WHY SUFFER?*

BOROLEUM'S ORANGE LILY SUPPOSITORIES

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will **send a 50 cent package** of this **wonderful remedy FREE.** Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

ASTHMA

Remedy sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1. If not, don't. Give express office. Write today. National Chemical Co., 631 Ohio ave., Sidney, O.

Greatest Nerve Vitalizer Known

SENT FREE

A Recent Discovery. The Most Effective Nerve Strengthener Ever Found by Science. Trial Package Sent Free to Any Man or Woman to Prove Its Remarkable Results.

This is the world's newest, safest, most reliable, and effective nerve invigorator, revitalizer, brain awakener, body strengthener, without equal in the world's history of medicine. It brings about a change from that awful, dull, weak, listless, don't-give-a-hang feeling to brightness, strength, clearheadedness and courage which is remarkable. Its results are better than you would obtain from a two-weeks' vacation on a farm.

This change comes rapidly. The results are lasting. It is absolutely safe, containing no injurious ingredients whatever. **Absolutely different from anything that has ever before been used for nerves.**

A high medical authority says: "In the forms of neurasthenia it deserves the unique position of being the **only** treatment which is **curative,** dispensing with all treatments of rest, travel, diversion of mind, dietetics and physicomechanics."

Every man and woman suffering with fagged, weak nerves, nervous prostration, excessive nervousness, brain fag, insomnia, neuralgia, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength and weight, or any condition which arises from poor, weak nerves, may now get "nerves of steel," clear head, courage, power, quick wit, energy, by taking this great discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

FREE.

Prove the results of this great discovery for nerves, FREE. It speaks for itself. A trial package of this great nerve awakener will be sent free in sealed wrapper, by return mail, to every man or woman who sends his or her name and address, as instructed below. Do it today. A revelation is in store for you.

FOR MEN.—Nerve force gone! You are what your nerves are, nothing else. If you feel run-down from overwork or other causes, if you suffer from insomnia, "caved-in" feeling, brain fag, extreme nervousness, peevishness, gloominess, worry, cloudy brain, loss of ambition, energy and vitality, loss of weight and digestion, constipation, headaches, neuralgia, or the debilitating effects of tobacco or drink, send for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

FOR WOMEN.—If you suffer from nervous breakdown extreme nervousness, "blue" spells, desire to cry, worry neuralgia, back pains, loss of weight or appetite, sleeplessness, headaches, and constipation, and are all out-of-sorts, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers will make you feel that there is more to life than you ever realized before. Send today for the free trial package.

No more need of dieting, diversion, travel, tiresome exercises, dangerous drugs, electricity, massage, or anything else—Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers do the work for each and all, give you nerveforce, and make you love to live.

A trial package of this great discovery will prove that they do the work. They are guaranteed—every wafer. Send your name and address today for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, to F. J. Kellogg Co., Hoffmaster Block, Battle Creek, Michigan, in the city of peace happiness and health.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON
F. J. KELLOGG CO.,
245 Hoffmaster Block,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me by return mail, free of charge, a trial package of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

DEMOCRATS CLIP WOOL SCHEDULE

Instrument, Simplified by Ways and Means Committee to Be Reported Soon

Washington, May 2—"K" that intricate "joker" filled wool schedule of the tariff law, the most "indefensible" in the entire act, according to President Taft, will emerge this week from the Democratic way and means committee greatly simplified and with its duties largely clipped.

It is a work the Democrats have approached with prayer and misgiving. On the one hand they are antagonizing a powerful interest in American politics, an interest which aided tremendously in bringing about their undoing after the free wool revision of the Wilson-Gorman act in 1894. On the other hand, failure to carry out the free wool pledge which appeared in practically every Democratic platform will alienate the mass of the consumers who have been demanding relief from the burden they have been compelled to carry for so many years.

It is a situation so fraught with political peril that it has given the Democratic leaders many sleepless nights and much study. They do not propose to strike a blow which may endanger the prosperity of a million farmers and 5,000,000 woolen mill employes, nor do they intend to break faith with the consumers.

The majority of the ways and means committee undoubtedly is in favor of free raw wool. The bill the committee will report to the house probably this week will aim to secure this result within six years.

The principal features of the bill according to the best information obtainable will be:

Reduction of the duty on raw wool from 11 and 12 cents to 6 cents a pound, and reduction of the new duty by 1 cent annually until free wool is obtained—this in case free raw wool is finally abandoned.

Elimination of all compensatory duties.

Horizontal reduction on all manufactured woolen goods by 25 per cent and reduction annually thereafter equivalent to the cut made on raw wool.

Substantial reductions on tops, etc.

Substitution of ad valorem for specific duties.

Until the exact language of the Democratic bill is known it will be impossible to state precisely the effect of its provisions upon the producer and consumer. But it would seem that the compromise favored by the Democratic leaders is a decided step in the right direction.

There is no doubt the wool schedule as arranged is for the benefit of the few as against the interests of the many. It prevents the country from obtaining an adequate supply of wool. It favors one branch of the wool industry—the worsted—as against another—the carded.

"It is confusing to the layman and frequently to the expert. It contains specific duties. It contains compensatory duties. It contains ad valorem duties. It contains duties by the pound.

It imposes a heavy tax on carpet wools and rugs and carpets when carpet wools are not raised in the United States.

It requires the imposition of the high wool taxes upon any and all materials containing wool, thus affording scandalous and unnecessary protection to the manufacturers of "woolen" clothing which is made up largely of cotton and sold at high prices to the poor.

Schedule "K" as at present constituted is the result of the civil war. That struggle caused the imposition of a high duty on wool and an internal revenue tax on manufactured wool. The wool producers and wool manufacturers got together after the war and determined to use their influence politically to obtain a revision which would be in their interest.

The schedule they drew up was the schedule which was enacted. Under it manufacturers were given compensation, in the form of extra duties, for the higher price they would have to pay for the raw wool and for the internal revenue taxes. Such action was advocated on the ground that it would place the American manufacturer upon the same footing as his foreign rival, since the latter was in a position to buy his wool cheap and did not have to pay the internal revenue duties. There has been a tremendous increase in the number of sheep raised since that time, cheapening changes that have taken place in the methods of manufacturing woolen goods, and the internal revenue tax has been removed, yet schedule "K" in its effect is the same old schedule and has weathered many revisions without any adequate relief to the consumers.

DOG FINDS HIS CORK LEG

Sharon, Pa., May 2.—Thomas B. Kerr, a patent medicine manufacturer, is the possessor of a dog that has a cork leg. The animal's name is Coalie and he is a water spaniel.

A short time ago Coalie tried to run down a street car with the result that he lost his left hind leg at the joint. Dr. Kerr immediately set to work to repair the damage. The little fellow's amputated leg was cleaned and then bandaged. After a time the wound healed. Then his owner set about making him an artificial limb. This consisted of a piece of cork which was held in place by a leather strap.

About two weeks ago the dog limped into the house minus his cork leg. A few days later the little animal hobbled into the house with something in his mouth. It was the missing leg. The artificial limb was again strapped in place and Coalie now is as frisky as ever.

DOCTOR MAY HAVE BEEN SLAIN

Washington, May 2.—The finding of the headless body of a man in a canal in this city last night may solve the mystery in the disappearance of Dr. William A. Gray, a retired Washington physician missing since March 1. The body is not in a condition to be identified. A relative of the physician thought he recognized a key taken from the body. The police have started an investigation on the theory that there has been foul play.

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY

Meridian, Miss., May 2.—Meridian has prepared elaborate entertainment for the convention of the Mississippi chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy here this week. Nearly 200 delegates and visitors from all parts of the state have arrived to attend the gathering.

CRIMINAL NEGLECT OF SKIN AND HAIR

Cuticura soap and ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them. Think of the suffering entailed by neglected skin troubles—mental because of disfiguration—physical because of pain. Think of the pleasure of a clear skin, soft white hands and good hair. These blessings are often only a matter of a little thoughtful, timely care, viz:—warm baths with Cuticura soap, assisted when necessary by anointings with Cuticura ointment.

CAN'T IDENTIFY VICTIMS

Morgue Besieged Where the Wreck Victims Lie.

Easton, Pa., May 1.—All the injured in the Martin's Creek wreck of Saturday on the Belvidere Delaware division of the Pennsylvania railroad, who are still at the Easton hospital, with the exception of Miss August Light, the New Hartford, New York, teacher, and George W. Parsons, of Lambertville, N. J., the fireman of the ill-fated train, are recovering from the effects of the burns and bruises they received when the train went over the embankment and took fire. Miss Light is in a critical condition and the hospital attendants are not sanguine of her recovery. At first it was thought the fireman was not seriously injured. This was due to the fact that he bore up bravely, never complained and insisted that the nurses give their attention to other victims of the disaster. More careful examination of Parsons revealed the fact that he was injured internally and his burns were extensive. His death is momentarily looked for.

Relatives and friends of the Utica dead are at the morgue in Phillipsburg, N. J., where the fragmentary remains of the victims were taken last night. Every effort is being made to arrive at identification, but the remains are in such condition that the task seems hopeless and the indications at this hour are that all the recovered parts will be placed in one casket and there will be one funeral.

FAVORS ART WORK AS TOYS

Pastor Scorns "Teddy Bears" as Children's Playthings.

Washington, May 2.—According to the Rev. Clayton H. Ranck, pastor of the Third Reformed church of Baltimore, the Noah's Ark is a back number as a child's toy, the Teddy Bear is no good, and Billiken is worthless. Dr. Ranck told all this to the Mothers' Congress yesterday. Dr. Ranck thinks children should play with models of the old masters. For instance, the Teddy Bear should be relegated to the attic and "Muvver's Darling" should jab his sticky fingers into the eyes of statuettes of Methusaleh and Venus and thus learn art.

MARRIED, STAYED IN SCHOOL

Chelsea Elopers Kept Their Secret for Nearly Two Years.

Boston, May 2.—The elopement and marriage of two pupils of the Chelsea High school on June 14, 1909, both of whom continued as members of the school until two weeks ago, has just been made public.

The marriage was made known in a letter received by a former companion of the husband. The latter is Herbert White and the young woman was Miss Hazel McLellan. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. McLellan.

The husband was captain of the high school football team in 1909 and 1910 and was prominent as an athlete.

DIETZ FAMILY IS ON TRIAL

Jointly Charged With Murder of a Deputy Sheriff.

Hayward, Wis., May 2.—John F. Dietz, his wife and his son, Leslie Dietz, were placed on trial here today before Judge Alexander H. Reid in the circuit court. They are jointly charged with the murder of Oscar Harp, a deputy sheriff, who was one of a posse which besieged the Dietz cabin at Cameron Dam last October, and who was found dead after the battle ceased.

At that time John Dietz was wanted on a warrant charging assault with intent to kill a man with whom he had had a fight in Winter, Wis. Dietz shot the man but did not kill him.

There were also several other warrants out for Dietz and for a number of years he had defied the officers.

SAYS HE IS CHARLIE ROSS

St. Joseph Man Says He Can Solve Mystery.

Philadelphia, May 2.—For the thousand and first time the long missing Charlie Ross has been "found." This time he has been located in St. Joseph, Mo. A letter from that town says that the writer, who has been going under the name of Scott, is the central figure in the celebrated case.

FLIRTING AT $2.50 A WORD

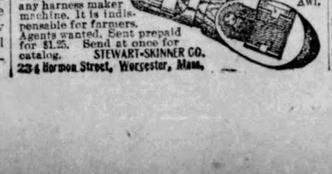
Court Fixes the Rate on Men Who Accost Shopgirl.

Atlantic City, May 2.—It costs $2.50 a word to flirt on Atlantic City's Boardwalk. That was the record price charged by Recorder Martin E. Keffer this morning in police court. Frank Charide and John Lucas, two Philadelphia visitors, were the victims of the high rate.

"Oh, you candy kid!" they chirruped to a pretty Boardwalk shopgirl, who promptly called a cop. When the girl told her story in court the recorder assessed each a $10 bill. In addition the offenders spent the night in the city lock-up.

FOR MENDING HARNESS

It takes a wax thread, feeds from spool and does the work of any harness maker machine. It is indispensable for farmers. Agents wanted. Sent prepaid for $1.25. Send at once for catalog.



shoes, tents, awnings, pulley belts, carpets, saddles, suit cases, buggy tops, dash boards, or any heavy material. STEWART'S AUTOMATIC AWL is the only perfect Sewing Awl.

STEWART-SKINNER CO. 234 Harpon Street, Worcester, Mass.

THE "BEN DAVIS" IS FALLEN IDOL

Orchard Men Are Getting Rid of the Favorite Apple.

Columbia, Mo., May 2.—The days of the Ben Davis as Missouri's chief representative of the apple family are numbered. The cause for its dethronement is that other varieties offer financial returns in greater surety and larger amount, and the transformation is simple.

"There are probably 30,000,000 apple trees in Missouri," said W. L. Howard, professor of horticulture at the University of Missouri today. "Of this number perhaps 75 per cent are Ben Davis, or varieties equally poor in general quality. These trees are particularly susceptible to many diseases and also to damage by late spring frosts.

Returns Come Quickly.

"Many of these orchards are of trees from 10 to 20 years old, and growers have hesitated to uproot them and wait a number of years for young orchards to come into bearing. Within the last year a system of top grafting has been undertaken by a number of the progressive orchardists of Missouri which promises to add greatly to the wealth of the state as the system comes to be generally adopted.

"The Darby Fruit Farm of Amoret, Bates county, is practicing this method of top grafting on a larger scale than at any other place in Missouri. Others who are now renewing their orchards by this method are W. L. Kent, of Mexico; S. A. Hazeltine, of Springfield, and D. A. Robnett, of Columbia. The Darby farm is under the care of J. F. Riddell, an experienced nurseryman and orchardist.

To Publish a Bulletin.

"The department of horticulture is now taking up the work of educating the orchardist to the belief that this plan of top grafting is feasible, and will instruct him as to the best methods to follow. The state board of horticulture will shortly publish a bulletin on the subject and will use as illustrations views from the Darby farm. There is no reason for having undesirable trees in an orchard when the system of top grafting is so easy and results follow so quickly.

"Trees up to 20 years old may be successfully top grafted and if quite vigorous they may be transformed into producers of very profitable varieties of fruit when considerably older.

"One of our students at the college of horticulture here has recently top grafted an orchard near Troy, Mo. He used varieties of such high quality as Grimes Golden, Jonathan, Delicious and King David, to replace Ben Davis and Wolf River.

One Branch Left for Leaves.

"The increase in the value of the orchard's product by the substitution of varieties like the Grimes Golden and Jonathan, or frost resistant varieties like the Ingram, would be very great in comparison with the cost of top grafting. The Ben Davis has the merit of being a first class keeper and shipper, so there will always be some excuse for growing a small percentage of this variety.

"The usual method of top grafting a tree is to saw off all except one long branch, which will support a large growth of leaves, this being necessary to enable the tree to live until the grafts are grown. The stubs are then split open either in the middle or toward the side, and pieces of one-year-old twigs of the desired variety are fitted into the clefts in contact with the bark. This is then carefully covered with a layer of grafting wax.

The Coburn Method.

"Mr. Riddell is employing a new method known as the Coburn system of crown grafting. By this method the tree is not split open, but instead a notch is made on one side with a saw, and the twig or scion is fitted into place and waxed over.

"Here is a formula for making a good grafting wax: Take seven pounds of rosin, two pounds of beeswax and one pound of tallow; heat and stir together thoroughly; cool by pouring into a tub of cold water; then work with the hands like taffy candy for about 15 minutes; roll into balls and allow to harden. This wax will keep indefinitely. Simply melt and apply to cover the graft wounds."

ELEPHANT KILLS TRAINER

Hundreds See Animal Crush Lifeless Victim's Form.

Dixon, Mo., May 2.—Hundreds of persons saw an infuriated elephant hurl its trainer into the air and then, after crushing him with its weight, repeatedly pierce the body with its tusks.

The tragedy came while James Hildebrand, the trainer, was endeavoring to put Monte, the smallest elephant with the Kit Carson wild west show, into a car.

Without warning the elephant became enraged, and, wrapping its trunk around the trainer's body, lifted him high in the air. Hildebrand screamed for help, but while the onlookers stood overcome with horror Monte dashed the man to the ground. It is believed he was killed instantly.

With its rage still unsatisfied, the elephant trumpeted loudly and began kneading the trainer's body with its forefeet.

Then it dragged the body thirty feet along the railroad tracks in the yards and repeatedly thrust its tusks into the lifeless form. Women among the spectators fainted.

HETTY GREEN FORGETS $200

America's Richest Woman Fails to Collect Her Rent.

St. Louis, Mo., May 2.—Mrs. Hetty Green, richest and most frugal of American women, has for six months overlooked $200 a month in rent due her from a four-story building at 324 North Third street, which she owns, but which she seems to have forgotten about. Letters have been sent in an effort to remind her of it. The tenants have paid no rent because no collector has asked them to.

ELECTION IN BALTIMORE

Baltimore, Md., May 2.—The polls opened this morning for what was looked upon as one of the most important mayoralty elections in Baltimore's history. Leaders of both parties appeared confident of victory, though it was generally admitted that the result would be close.

TO YOU WHO ARE SICK

I Make the Fairest Offer That I Know

Let me say right here at the start that no money is asked or expected. I make this remarkable offer of my own free will and accord. I am financially able to do so. It is my way—the way I have chosen for doing good—the way I have thought out by which can best send help and comfort, health and strength out into this world of so much sickness and suffering.

It is for you to accept or refuse, as you like.

For you to choose—whether your trouble, with all its pain, danger, fear and uncertainty shall continue—or whether it shall be taken away. But in the choosing remember this—health was God's most precious gift to you, and it is as much your duty to regain and keep it as to guard and protect your life.

Directing Specialist Clearwater
Who makes this generous offer.

What is my offer? you ask. Listen In my thirty years' experience in medicine I have learned many strange things. For one thing, I've learned that Heart Disease kills more people every day than anything else on earth. I've also learned that Heart Disease hardly ever exists alone—by itself—That other organs—Stomach, Bowels Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Sexual organs etc., are **almost always** affected too. Why?—Think for a minute and you'll answer the question yourself—It's because the Heart is the vital organ of the body—because it governs all the other organs, supplies EVERY organ—every Nerve, muscle and tissue with blood and life and power to do their work.

Stop the Heart's beat and death strikes instantly. You know that. And let the Heart get weak or wrong in any way and the whole system—the whole body, from Brain to tiniest blood vessel suffers too.

But, you say, I haven't any Heart trouble. My Heart is all right. Lot of people think and say the self-same thing. Why, only last week I had pitiful, tear-stained letter from a little eleven-year-old girl out in Ohio, telling me how her mother fell dead the week before—yes, fell dead before her with the baby in her arms! Now, this woman thought her Heart was all right. She would not believe me—even refused to take the treatment or heed the warning and the good advice that I had sent her free!

Six people in every ten have Heart trouble, though many of them do not know it. 30,000 victims die of it in America every year. Think of it! And so I say, unless you are sure, unless you KNOW, for goodness' sake don't take any more chances—stop a bit right here and find out for a certainty just where you stand.

The Symptoms of Heart Disease

Are very plain when once they are known and understood. The great trouble is that most people don't know what the symptoms are—don't know what they mean when they have them. Another thing—A great many people are misled and deceived into thinking their trouble is something else. Thousands—perhaps you among them—are today doctoring the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Nerves or Sexual Organs for some supposed trouble, when all the time it's the Heart that's causing it all. In other words, you may be treating the **symptoms** and not the disease itself.

Following are the most common signs—the really **sure** symptoms of Heart Disease. Go over them **carefully** one by one and answer yes or no to each. That will tell the story:

Do you tire easily?
Do you have headaches?
Does your Heart Flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you start in your sleep?
Are you short of your breath?
Do you feel "weak and run down?"
Do you have numb or dizzy spells?
Do you have weak, sinking spells?
Are you Nervous and irritable?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your Stomach have an "allgone" feeling?
Have you pain in Heart, side or shoulder-blade?

Of course, no case has all—some of the very worst only a few. Therefore if you find that even one or two of them are YOUR symptoms, you should act at once, for you may be in grave danger. You know Heart Disease don't wait. It comes like a thief, develops quickly, and strikes without warning.

And Here Is My Offer.

If you have any of these symptoms, if you have reason to think that you have even the slightest Heart trouble, or weakness, write me now. I will send you free treatment and advice.

Or, again, if you have known for some time that you have Heart trouble or weakness, write me—even though your case is chronic, deep-seated, and has resisted treatment. Even though you may have been told that you cannot be cured—I urge you all the more strongly to write at once.—It is in just such stubborn "incurable" cases we have made the most remarkable cures.

The very day I hear from you I will send you by mail postpaid and securely sealed—

A Regular Full Free Treatment

for your case; a letter of advice explaining your whole case fully. Also a Medical Book that in plain words and with clear pictures tells all about your trouble. Explains about your Heart—what it does—how it works, and its relation to all the rest of your body. The book is valuable. Do not lose sight of this part of my offer. Many people, among them several physicians, say it's the best book of its kind ever written.

Remember, it is all free—the Book, the Letter of Advice, the full Course of Treatment. There are no "strings" to this offer. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind. I ask for no money—I send you no medicine expecting you to pay later. You bind yourself in no way. It is nothing but a genuine, generous, honest, free offer of help to the sick. I am making this same offer in some of the best papers in America besides The Toledo Weekly Blade, because it seems to me to be the best way to quickly get advice and help—this certain, effective treatment into the hands of every sufferer—everywhere.

To the skeptical—the doubters—the unbelievers—to those who think Heart trouble can't be cured—to those who forget that science is advancing, I say for your own good—yes, in simple fairness to yourself. Don't give up—Don't fail to get our advice and test our methods and treatment. It has cured—I don't mean just helped—but **cured** thousands of cases, many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

I am particularly anxious to hear from those who aren't quite sure just what their trouble is—from those who are doctoring the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nerves, etc., but get a little or no better. In nine out of ten such cases the real trouble is with the Heart. Anyway, you will get the truth here—You will then know what to do.

The **free course of treatment** that we send will strengthen and regulate the Heart. It will tone up the Stomach, Kidneys and Liver. It will give strength and vitality to the Nerves and Nerve Centers and build up the whole system. Remember we make a specialty of treating Heart Disease and the other troubles that so often go with it. This is our life work—and all our knowledge and experience thus gained is yours gladly and freely just for the asking.

And so I say again, **if you do need** this help, you'd better send right now, for, of course, I cannot continue to make this offer indefinitely.

Free Treatment Coupon.

Directing Specialist, Clearwater.
Head of the Heart Cure Co.,
331 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Maine.
I have read your offer in The Toledo Weekly Blade;
Please send me the **Free Treatment,** the Book and Letter promised. It is agreed and understood I am to pay you nothing for all this either now or later.

My Age is.....
Name .....
Address .....

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., May 2.—May wheat was caught in a veritable maelstrom of excitement on the opening today and fluctuated wildly before settling down to anything like a normal basis. The Chicago current month opened with a range of 92c to 93c compared with 91¼c, Monday's closing price. At one time during the first half hour, there was a gap of more than 2c between the top of the market and yesterday's final figure. Sentiment seems to indicate that heavy stocks and glowing crop reports have been discounted to some extent and that from now on foreign news and crop damage advices will find the market unusually responsive. The early advance was due to firmer cables and anxiety among May shorts. The Toledo market was firm and higher but not very wild. Strength in Australia and Buenos Ayres caused free covering at Liverpool. May wheat delivered at Chicago is reported in strong hands. Toledo cash and May opened ⅝c higher at 90⅝c, July ¼ advanced at 89½c and Sept. ⅜c advanced at 99¼c. The market up till 10 a. m. was firm and a shade higher.

Extension of conditions prevailing in the morning featured the afternoon session and prices continued to rise almost without a break. The advance in May was one of the sharpest in years. Toledo cash and May closed 2¼c up at 92¼c, July ¾c up at 90c, and September ¾c up at 89⅞c.

Corn was only slightly affected by the wheat flurry. High winds will dry out fields and facilitate planting. May opened ¼c higher at 54½, July unchanged at 54½c and Sept. ⅛c up at 55½c. The early market was strong.

Final corn prices: Cash 55½c, May 55c, July 54⅞c, September 55⅞c.

Oats opened with a hard tone with May ⅛c higher at 35c, July ⅛c up at 35c and Sept. ¼c advanced at 34c.

Cash oats closed at 35c, May at 35¼c, July at 35c, and September at 34¼c.

Clover seed arrivals were 100 bags against 38 a year ago. Shipments totaled 75 bags compared with none a year ago. Telex cash opened unchanged at $9.40 while the futures were 2½c higher at the following prices: Octt and Dec. $7.82½ and March $7.87½.

The following closing prices show strength late in the day: Cash $9.45, October and December $7.85, March $7.90.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May 2.	Close May 1.
Cash	90⅝	....	....	92½	90¾
May	90⅝	....	....	92½	90¾
July	89½	....	....	90	89¼
Sept.	89½	....	....	89¾	89¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	55½	55¼
May	54½	....	....	55	54¼
July	54½	....	....	54⅝	54¼
Sept.	55½	....	....	55⅞	55⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35	34¾
May	35	....	34¾	35	34¾
July	35	....	34¾	35	34¾
Sept.	34	....	....	34½	33¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash 9.40		....	....	9.45	9.40
Oct. 7.82½		....	....	7.85	7.80
Dec. 7.82½		....	....	7.85	7.80
March ...7.87½		....	....	7.90	7.85
Rye—					
No. 2....	....	....	....	95	95
No. 3....	....	....	....	90	90
Timothy—					
Prime....	....	....	....	5.70	5.70
Alsike—					
Prime....	....	....	....	9.00	9.00
Aug.....	....	....	....	8.00	8.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	92	95¼	....	95	91¼
July	88⅝	....	88¼	89¼	88
Sept.	87¾	....	87⅝	88⅝	87⅝
Dec.	89⅝	....	89¼	89⅞	89¼
Corn—					
May	53¼	54	53	53⅞	53¼
July	52⅞	53¼	52⅝	53	52⅝
Sept.	53⅜	53⅞	53⅛	53⅞	53⅜
Oats—					
May	31⅞	....	31⅞	32⅝	31⅜
July	32¼	32⅜	32¼	32½	32⅛
Sept.	32	32⅛	31⅞	32	31⅝
Dec.	....	....	....	....	33⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	95⅞	....	95	95⅝	94⅞
July	95⅛	95⅜	....	95⅞	94⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	90½	....	....	92¼	90¼
July	85⅛	....	....	85⅝	84⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	97⅛	96½
July	....	....	....	98⅞	97⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	99⅛	98¼
July	....	....	....	1.00¼	89¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	15.60	....	....	15.75	15.42
July	15.10	15.17	....	15.15	14.95
Sept.	14.80	14.92	....	14.80	....
Lard—					
May	8.05	....	....	8.05	7.92
July	8.15	8.17	....	8.15	8.07
Sept.	8.22	8.25	8.20	8.25	8.12
Ribs—					
May	8.15	8.25	....	8.22	8.00
July	8.10	8.15	....	8.12	8.02
Sept.	8.00	8.05	....	8.00	7.92

Money and Stocks.

New York, May 2.—(Wall Etreet.)—Trading was active at the opening of the stock market today, first quotations in most of the active stocks being about on a level with yesterday's closing. Delaware & Hudson advanced 1¾, Western Maryland 1 and American Cotton Oil ¾. Canadian Pacific lost a point.

Active stocks ran off a fraction, but there was a partial recovery later when the coal stocks moved up strongly. That rise was based on reports that the railroad companies had worked out a satisfactory solution of the disposition of the coal business in compliance with the provisions of the Hepburn law. Ontario and Western moved up 1¾ and Lehigh Valley 1½. Rock Island preferred 3¼.

A heavy tone developed in the stock market in the latter part of the morning and prices fell back from the point which they reached yesterday, after making daily advances for a week. The weakened position of the market seemed due to extensive profit taking and also to the fact that the recent flurry had driven bear traders to cover so effectually that the short interest was greatly reduced. In spite of the weakness which developed today, however, there was little evidence of short selling. Stocks of the anthracite carrying railroads were the strong features of the market, most other issues losing ground, the professionals taking advantage of the rise in the coalers to market liberal amounts of other shares. Denver & Rio Grande preferred sold 3 points below yesterday's closing, the common 1½. Canadian Pacific 1¾, General Electric 1¾, American Smelting and Missouri Pacific 1, and Union Pacific, Reading and United States Steel substantial fractions. Delaware & Hudson rose 4 points in all.

Bonds were firm.

New York Stocks.

Stocks.	New York, May 2, 1911. Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atchison	100¼	110	109	109⅞
Am. Car and F. Co.	53½	53½	53	53
Anaconda	38¼	38¾	38¼	38¼
Amal. Copper	63¾	63¾	63	63¼
Am. Smelters	76⅞	76⅞	75¾	75¾
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	57	58¼	57	58¼
Am. Steel Fdy.	44	45	44	45
Am. Tel. and Tel.	146¼	146¼	146¼	146¼
Am. Tobacco pfd.	97¾	97¾	97¾	97¾
Am. Cotton Oil	54½	56⅞	54¾	56½
Am. Beet Sugar	46	46	45⅝	45⅞
Biscuit com.	136½	136½	136	136
Balt. and Ohio.	105⅝	105⅝	105¼	105½
Brklyn Rapid Trans.	79	79	78⅝	78⅝
Beth Steel com.	33¼	33¼	33¼	33¼
Chicago and G. W.	21½	21¾	21½	21¾
Chicago G. W. pfd.	43¾	43¾	43¼	43¼
Canadian Pac.	253¾	253¾	234½	234½
Clover Leaf	20	20¼	20	20¼
Clover Leaf pfd.	49¼	49¾	49¼	49¼
Colorado Fuel	30	30	30	30
Ches. and Ohio	81¾	82	81	81¾
Central Leather	27½	27½	27¼	27½
Consolidated Gas	145¾	145¾	144¾	145
Can pfd.	86¼	86¾	85¾	85¾
Corn Product com.	14¾	14¾	14¼	14¼
Del. and Hudson	170	172	170	171
Distillers Sec.	35¼	35¼	35¼	35¼
Erie com.	30¾	30¾	30¾	30¾
Erie 1st pfd.	48¾	48¾	48¾	48¾
Gt. Northern pfd.	127¾	128	127½	127½
Gt. Northern Ore.	47⅝	47⅝	61	61
Ill. Central	138	138	138	138
Int. Harvester com. ..	119¾	120	119¼	119¼
Interborough com.	18¾	18¾	18¼	18¼
Interborough pfd.	51¾	51¾	51¼	51¼
K. C. Sou. com.	34¾	35	34¾	34¾
Louis. & Nash.	146¾	146¼	146¾	146¼
Laclede Gas.	104⅝	104⅞	104⅝	104⅞
Missouri Pacific.	50¼	50¼	49	49¼
M. S.	140¼	140¼	140¼	140¼
M. K. & T. com.	33¼	33¼	33	33
Nor. Pacific.	125¾	125¾	124¾	125¼
Nat'l Lead.	52¾	52¾	52¾	52¾
Nevada Cons.	18¾	18¾	18¾	18¾
Northwestern	145½	145½	145¼	145¼
N. Y. Central.	107½	107½	107	107¾
N. & W. com.	106¾	106¾

"Those Terrible Ear Noises Have Stopped"

"Those terrible Ear Noises have stopped" is what hundreds of letters are telling me. You remember that on March 9th I offered 200 Treatments for Head Noises, Free, to Toledo Weekly Blade readers and this is the happy result.

Head Noises! What a picture of intolerable suffering these words bring to mind. Reader, if you have Head Noises, I know well that no words of mine can describe the weary misery. But you are the one to appreciate the blessed relief in the words "My Head Noises have stopped." I have been enabled to do this for thousands, and what has been done for others can be done for you, if you will.

The joy and gratitude of the people who received the 200 free treatments offered in this paper last month has been so great and their appeals for friends so urgent that I am going to offer again.

200 Treatments Free

Think of it, you need no longer suffer with these intolerable, roaring noises—the whistling—the escaping steam—the hum of insects—the buzzing—all the weary catalogue of sounds, which at times make you feel that they must stop, or you will go insane. Perhaps, too, your hearing is beginning to fail, but whether it has or not, you know in your heart of hearts that it will go and the voice of science warns you in unmistakable terms, if you have Head Noises, sooner or later, you will be deaf.

Here is your opportunity. Send for one of my Free Treatments and see my method which has cured thousands in just your condition. Just drop me a note or a post card asking for a Treatment for Head Noises Free. You will never regret it.

This offer and talk is for YOU. Perhaps you have tried other things and become discouraged. Perhaps you have been told there is no help. Perhaps you are carelessly neglecting your case from day to day thinking it will get well of itself.

Make just this small effort. Send for one of my Free treatments. It won't cost you a penny. See this wonderful new treatment and the method which has cured thousands of people with Head Noises just like yours.

Write today for Free treatment for Head Noises to

HEALTH SPECIALIST SPROULE
43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

HOPES TO ABOLISH SENATE

Washington, April 27.—Victor Berger, of Milwaukee, the Socialist member of congress, in a resolution introduced today not only proposes to abolish the senate, but aims to strike from the hand of the President the veto power and take from the courts authority to invalidate legislation enacted by the house of representatives. All this is proposed as an amendment to the constitution, which, if petitioned for by 5 per cent of the voters in each state, shall be submitted to a general referendum.

"The senate has run its course," said Mr. Berger, after his threatening document had been dropped into the hopper in the speaker's desk.

"It must some day, as with the British house of lords, yield to the popular demand for its reformation or abolition."

Little Plain Talks

Don't Neglect Salvation

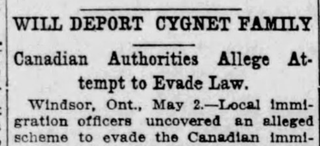
Copyrighted, Rev. W. A. Sunday.

YOU can afford to neglect your education and grow up in ignorance; you can afford to neglect your Health and go to a premature grave; you can afford to neglect plowing the ground and planting the seed; you can afford to neglect your business and become a baukrupt, but you cannot afford to neglect your salvation.

There are men in hell who never intended to be there. There are women in hell, that never expected to be there, but they waited just one sermon too long.

They let the sun rise and set just once too often. They said "No." God passed them up.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation.



WILL DEPORT CYGNET FAMILY

Canadian Authorities Allege Attempt to Evade Law.

Windsor, Ont., May 2.—Local immigration officers uncovered an alleged scheme to evade the Canadian immigration laws, by William Wise, of Cygnet, O., and, as a result, Wise, his wife and two children were taken into custody Monday at Ridgetown, Ont.

Wise told the officers that he gained admission into Canada by exhibiting the return portions of tickets purchased in Cygnet, thus convincing the immigration officials that they were only going to Canada on a visit. Wise admitted that he had shipped his household effects to Ridgetown, where he had secured a clerkship in a store, intending to remain.

Wise deposited a cash bond and was released, but was ordered to report at Windsor next week with his family, for formal deportation.

He's Boss of the Border Patrol

Brigadier General Joseph W. Duncan, who commands the Department of Texas, and is in charge of the patrol made by U. S. troops on the Mexican border.

SAYS FIRST SUFFRAGETTE SNEAKED LINE INTO BIBLE

Baltimore, April 27.—The original suffragette, according to Dr. Paul Haupt, professor of Semitic languages in Johns Hopkins university, was Eve, who dominated Adam and caused him to eat of the forbidden fruit.

"Some people think that when the Lord created Eve he took not only a rib from Adam, but also his backbone," says Dr. Haupt.

Dr. Haupt apparently subscribes to this view. His theory is set forth in a paper which he read before the American Philosophical society in Philadelphia. For his authority Dr. Haupt quotes the Bible. In Genesis 17:7 he finds the quotation:

"And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." The context seems to have no relation to this quotation, and Dr. Haupt intimates that it was interpolated, probably by a woman who knew her rights, for in the preceding chapter Dr. Haupt finds that the Lord pronounced a curse on Eve, saying:

"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy sighing. In pain thou shalt bear children. Nevertheless thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee."

Dr. Haupt says:

"I have discovered that the story of the fall of man and the story of Cain and Abel were written in parallel columns. In the space between, commentaries were made. Some woman, or some man under the influence of woman, wrote this suffragette gloss in the space between the columns. Later it crept into the column containing the story of Cain and Abel, and there it is found today."

RECEIVED BY JAPAN'S EMPRESS

Wife of American Ambassador Accorded Honor.

Tokio, April 27.—Mrs. O'Brien, wife of the American ambassador, who will leave on Saturday for Berlin to visit her daughter, was received in audience by the empress today.

HARMON SPRINGS BOMB IN THE BRIBERY CASE

Detective Says It Passes Anything That He Has Ever Met Before in His Experience--Many Will Testify Before Jury.

Columbus, May 2.—Discovery by Governor Judson Harmon that the four bills deposited in a sealed envelope with Speaker Samuel J. Vining by Representative George B. Nye, were not the bills given by Burns' detectives to Nye, was the startling feature today of the legislative bribery scandal.

Nye, who is a member of the house steering committee, admits that he received $200 from supposed lobbyists some time ago. Last Wednesday he handed a sealed envelope to the speaker, declaring that it contained the bribe money that had been given him. In the presence of witnesses, the envelope was placed in the big safe in the office of the clerk of the house of representatives.

Wanted it As Evidence.

Nye said, at the time, that he wanted to use the money as evidence against the men who had bribed him.

Late yesterday afternoon, in the presence of Speaker Vining and Charles W. Kempel, clerk of the house, the governor broke the seal of the envelope, withdrew the bills and examined each one of the four minutely.

DETECTIVES' ARREST OPENS PLOT

Columbus, May 1.—Enmeshed by hidden wires leading to a concealed dictaphone, at least seven mebers of the Ohio senate and house of representatives may exchange besmirched togas for dull gray uniforms of state's prison convicts, if statements made by Burns' Detective Agency operatives can be substantiated in the courts.

Smouldering rumors of legislation on the cash register plan were fanned into flame by the arrest of three detectives of the William J. Burns agency, on complaint of Dr. George B. Nye, representative from Pike county, and chairman of the house steering committee, that has, for three weeks, dictated absolutely the order in which bills shall be voted upon. The detectives are charged, on the Columbus police blotter, with bribing Nye, to support the Cetone-Whittemore insurance bill and work against the Green bill to limit the hours of a working woman to nine a day.

Will Go Before Grand Jury.

Released under heavy bonds, the detectives will appear tomorrow before the Franklin county grand jury to exhibit the web of evidence they claim to have spun around law makers. The detectives, Frank S. Harrison, David Barry and A. C. Baley, have worked with the cognizance of and in co-operation with Edward L. Turner, prosecuting attorney of Franklin county.

The detectives refuse to divulge the name of their employer, who has expended thousands of dollars to collect evidence against the alleged bribe-takers, but impression prevails that Claus Spreckles, who financed the exposure of the Abe Ruef scandals in San Francisco, and sent the boss to the California penitentiary, has widened the sphere of his activity to Ohio. The chief of the Burns Detective Agency, who only last week arrested alleged dynamiters of the Los Angeles Times building, after following the trail from the Pacific coast to Detroit, will himself arrive in Columbus today to take personal charge of the case.

Will Continue Probe.

Assurances are given that the arrest of his three operatives upon complaint of one of the men they had under espionage will not thwart the plans nor interfere with the workings of the probe until the bottom of the scandal has been reached.

Detectives have already been at work here for five weeks. The story is that conversations as to the barter of votes for money were held in rooms 317 at the Chittenden and that the dictaphone, a disc-like instrument, more highly sensitilized than a telephone receiver, was concealed under a luxurious couch upon which legislators were invited to be seated. The wire from the dictaphone led under a door to room 316 adjoining, where the detectives were concealed, and where the prosecuting attorney's most expert stenographer had the receiver strapped to his ear.

In short hand he wrote the sordid stories of the commercializing votes and the prostitution of trust, all of which will be presented to the grand jury.

Cause Arrest of Detectives.

The arrest of the detectives followed a long distance telephone conversation between Dr. Nye at Columbus and Samuel J. Vining, speaker of the house last Saturday. Vining was at his home in Celina. At Nye's request Vining met him in Dayton Saturday afternoon, Vining and Nye came to Columbus and caused the arrest of the detectives in the Neil house lobby that evening.

Nye admits having received two $100 bills from the detectives and asserts that he deposited the bills with Speaker Vining to be used as evidence against the givers.

As both bills were said to have been marked the truth of these statements may be determined later. Nye says that one of these payments was made to him April 15 and the other last Tuesday.

It is known that Governor Harmon summoned Vining to his office the first of the week and complained that the calendar committee would not give the Edwards bill to abolish boards of review a preferred place on the calendar. Harmon also said that ugly rumors were going the rounds concerning the calendar committee. At that conference, according to Governor Harmon, Vining did not tell the governor that attempts had been made to bribe Nye and that he (the speaker) held the money.

Detective Involves Five.

Detective Frank Harrison of the Burns agency issued a statement to the press Sunday evening involving four senators, three Democrats and one Republican, one Democratic member of the house and one other person. Others, it is declared, will be drawn into the net later. The detective's statement is to the effect that three senators received $200 each to assist in passing the Cetone bill permitting foreign mutual fire insurance companies to do business in Ohio. It is a duplicate of the Whittemore bill, on which, according to Nye's own story, the detectives dealt with him. It is charged that a man who acted as go-between received $50 and was to receive $150 more.

Say $5,000 Was Demanded.

Since the detective's statement was given out last night, stories have become current that $5,000 was demanded of the liquor lobbyists for the vote of a certain legislator on the Dean liquor bill, but that the amount was regarded too high and no deal was made. It is also charged that $50 was "borrowed" from a lobbyist for the bill to license optometrists and that suggestions have been rife that money would be needed to push to passage the bill granting a franchise for a subway street railroad in Cleveland.

In justice to members of the assembly it should be stated, however, that lobbyists not infrequently collect cash from big interests on the pretext that they have "influence" with certain members who are incorruptible.

BILLS PASSED AT SO MUCH PER BILL, SAYS BURN'S SON

Chicago, May 2.—"Bribes from $100 to $500 were taken by 25 members of the Ohio legislature at Columbus from three of our operatives, who posed as manufacturers, desirous of having certain bills pass the house and senate."

This statement was made yesterday by Raymond Burns, son of William J. Burns, and office manager for the Burns Detective Agency, who received telegrams from his three operatives investigating graft charged in connection with a coterie of solons, who for many years, has passed certain legislative bills "at so much per bill."

"No bill of any nature in recent years passed the legislture in Ohio which did not have its price," continued Burns.

"The price was named by the members of the legislature. Marked money was given to the members, and when secret indictments are returned by the grand jury against the men who solicited bribes, and accepted them, many sensational disclosures will be made in Ohio state politics."

Three men from the Burns agency—F. S. Harrison, David H. Berry and A. C. Bailey—were the men from whom the members of the legislature took bribe money. These solons were avaricious for money and each bill had its price.

"All of the bills which our operatives wanted passed by the legislature, of course, were fakes, and used only to trap the dishonest politicians. The nine-hour labor bill, the Western Union Telegraph bill, the telephone bill and others were up for second reading when the arrest of the solons was ordered.

"Many other members of the legislature would have been trapped had it not been for the fact that the 26th man, who was about to accept a $500 bribe for his support for telephone bill, suspected one of our operatives and had him arrested. Of course, then our men could go no further, and we had to stop with getting the goods on only 25."

METHODIST PLAN UNCHANGED

System of Assigning Bishops Will Stand, College Decides.

Winona, Minn., May 2.—The suggested plan of changing the system of assignment of Methodist bishops, which has been under consideration by the college of bishops, in session here, will not materialize, according to announcement today. The plan would have the bishops appointed for a specified period of years to definite territories. The assignments will be made, however, as heretofore, and the bishops will be sent into territories as the occasion demands. The assignments will be given out probably on Wednesday noon, when it is now announced the session will close.

Bishop Neely, who was charged with having adopted arbitrary methods in the appointment of ministers in the New Engand conference, declares the charges were inspired by personal enmity and are groundless. He says he is sustained in the opinion of other bishops of the college.

LAURIER TO SAVE AGREEMENT

Canadian Premier to Remain on Continent to Lead Fight.

Ottawa, Ont., May 1.—The determination of the Canadian government to ratify reciprocity was emphasized in parliament today by the prime minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who declared that he would not go to England to represent Canada at the imperial conference or to the coronation of King George in June, but would remain here to press the agreement, if the opposition persisted in obstructing its ratification.

Rescued From Power Wringer.

St. Paul Dispatch.

While Sarah Van der Linden, aged 14 years, was aiding her mother and sister in doing the family washing her scarf caught in the wringer, operated by a gasoline engine. The scarf tightened about her neck so quickly that she had no opportunity to call for assistance. Her mother chanced to look toward her, and discovering her predicament, hastened to her and released her. The girl was unconscious and the mother believed her to be dead. It took a physician some time to bring her back to consciousness.

Rubber Roofing Warranted for Twenty-Five Years.

FREIGHT PAID To Any States East of Rocky Mountains, except Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, N. Dakota, Wyoming, Montana. Special prices to these states on request.

ONE-PLY .... Weighs 35 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.10 per roll.
TWO-PLY ... Weighs 45 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.30 per roll.
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MAPLEINE FLAVORING

Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not, send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

FOREIGNERS ARE SAFE

Chinese Rebels Do Not Attack Their Section.

Hong Kong, China, May 2.—Today's advices from Canton, where the revolutionary movement originated, indicate that foreigners have escaped harm.

The foreign residential section occupies Shamien, an artificial island at the north of Canton. A canal separates the island from the city proper. Gunboats are anchored in the canal and guns are mounted on the canal bank commanding the approaches to the island.

On Sunday evening the revolutionists attempted to cross to Shamien with the purpose of capturing the police station there. They were repulsed by loyal troops.

Bandits, led by the brigand chief Luk, burned four government residences at Fatshan when they attacked and looted the town.

Reports from the west river districts are meagre, as the rebels destroyed telegraphic communication at many points. It appears, however, that Wu Sum, the leader of the anti-Manchu forces, is working to the westward after raiding Sam Shui, Wen-Chow, Woo-Chow, Chunglok, Shuihung and Fatshan. The government seems to be in control at Canton.

TIGHT COLLAR KILLS HER

While She Takes Nap Rose Degeran Is Strangled.

New York, April 27.—Rose Degeran's tight collar shut off her breath while she was asleep on a sofa yesterday afternoon and instead of awakening she died. Yesterday she called on Mrs. Anna Scotch.

Mrs. Scotch offered her the sofa for a nap and let her alone for several hours. When Mrs. Scotch could not rouse her she called in a policeman, who pronounced Rose Degeran dead. Dr. Ross, of New York hospital, examined her and said the tight collar had strangled her while asleep. He sent the body to the morgue.

HERE'S 55-STORY BUILDING

Will Be Higher Than the Famous Metropolitan Tower.

New York, April 26.—Plans were filed today by the Broadway-Park Place Company for the construction at Broadway and Park place of the highest building in the world. From the curb to the apex of the tower it will stand 750 feet. There will be 30 stories in the main building and an additional 25 in the tower, 55 in all.

The highest building in the world is now the Metropolitan tower, 700 feet 3 inches, and the second highest the Singer tower, 612 feet.

FORESTERS PLAN CHANGES

Toronto, Ont., May 2.—The most important convention that has met in this city in a long time was opened today by the supreme court of the Independent Order of Foresters. There are several hundred delegates present, representing all parts of the United States and Canada, Great Britain, Australia and Denmark.

BANKERS DISCUSS QUESTIONS

Nashville, Tenn., May 2.—The reformation of the banking and currency system and the relation of the postal saving institutions to national or state banking are the leading questions slated for discussion by the executive council of the American Bankers' association at a three days' meeting begun in this city today.

NEW PULLMAN HEAD

Chicago, Ill., May 2.—John S. Runnells today assumed the duties of president of the Pullman company, to which office he was recently elected. Mr. Runnells succeeds Robert T. Lincoln, who resigned on account of ill health after having served as the head of the car building company since the death of George M. Pullman in 1897.

Marriage Blacklist.

The habit of making inquiries at private detective offices as to the means and mode of life of any young man who is under consideration as a suitable husband by the relatives of a girl whom he wishes to marry leads to some curious complications in Austria and in Hungary. Young men deep in debt are inscribed on the so-called "black-list" at the inquiry office.

Good parties are on the other hand put down on the "white list." Five young Hungarian aristocrats who were involved in debt to such an extent that the only possibility of relieving their fortunes lay in making rich marriages formed a kind of company for purpose of finding wives.

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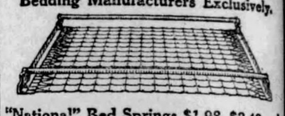

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BILLS FAVORED AND OPPOSED BY ALLEGED BRIBE PROFFERERS.

Columbus, May 2.—The two bills before the Ohio assembly for and against which Speaker Vining and Representative Nye charge attempts were made to buy votes, have to do with insurance and labor, the pseudo lobbyists favoring the first and opposing the latter.

The Whittemore bill, which the men arrested on the charge of bribery are accused of seeking to pass, aims to create a special act for the admission to do business in Ohio of foreign mutual fire insurance companies, doing a factory risk business, without paying the tax now levied on such corporations. Under the Whittemore bill, it is said these concerns would save $15,000 to $18,000 a year. The author says the benefit would go to Ohio industrial concerns.

The Green bill, which, it is charged, the three men under arrest desired to defeat, as amended in the senate, provides a nine-hour workday for employed women, except house servants and one or two other classes exempted by senate amendments. Both measures are on the house calendar, having been reported out by committees.

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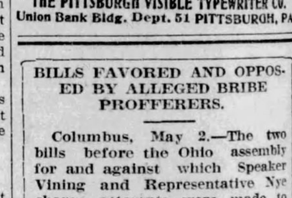

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Then you should take immediate advantage of This Offer by marking your symptoms with an X on the Coupon below. Cut it out and send to me for a

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Mark your Symptoms in this space of the Coupon, cut it out and mail to me at once.

Sign your name and address with care.

It is distinctly understood that I will never ask you to pay for the proof treatment, letter of advice, diagnosis, or for answering your special questions. I will also send you my ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL BOOK, explaining the cause and effect of your diseases, valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc., all Free—absolutely Free.

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Put two XX marks before your worst symptoms.

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___If your eyes smart or burn.	
___If your eyes are too watery.	
___If you have granulated lids.	
___If you are troubled with styes.	
___If you have mattery discharge.	
___If your eyes are sore and painful.	
___If you are troubled with wild hairs.	
___If you have a sore on the eye-ball or lid.	
___If you have dark circles under your eyes.	
___If you have a cataract of one or both eyes.	
___If your eyes feel like there is sand in them.	
___If you have specks floating before your eyes.	
___If your eyes are stuck together in the morning.	
___If you have any scum or growth on the eyeball.	
___If you have drowsiness, or confused or blurred letters when reading.	Give your age.....
___If your ears itch or burn.	
___If you are hard of hearing.	
___If your ears discharge matter or pus.	
___If your ears hurt when you blow your nose.	What is your disease?
___If you have ringing, buzzing, cracking noises in your ears.	
___If you have catarrh.	
___If your nose stops up easily.	
___If you spit up mucus or slime.	
___If you feel mucus drop down in your throat.	
___If you blow scabs or thick mucus from your nose.	
___If you have headache.	
___If you have rheumatism.	
___If your stomach troubles you.	
___If you have a pain in your back.	
___If you feel weak and all run down.	
___If you have palpitation of your heart.	
___If your bowels are constipated or irregular.	
___If you get up at night to pass water, or if you have too frequent or painful urination.	

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City or Town ..... *State* .....

The Object of This Advertisement

is to reach the sick, weak and suffering; those who have failed with other treatments, those who have given up in despair, those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date and successful methods of curing diseases.

I Want to Prove to Those People at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my cures by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

To Prove My Claims I'll Send a Treatment Free to Test

I want you to try at my expense, not yours. All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. Try at my expense. You have nothing to lose.

ACCEPT MY LIBERAL OFFER!

It Places You Under No Obligation Whatever to Me

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself, "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have, two cross marks XX before your *worst* symptoms, sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me today. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you. Address

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, Dept. 471, 533 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Use This Coupon Send It at Once

VIGOR — DR. JIROCH CO. SPECIALISTS